

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

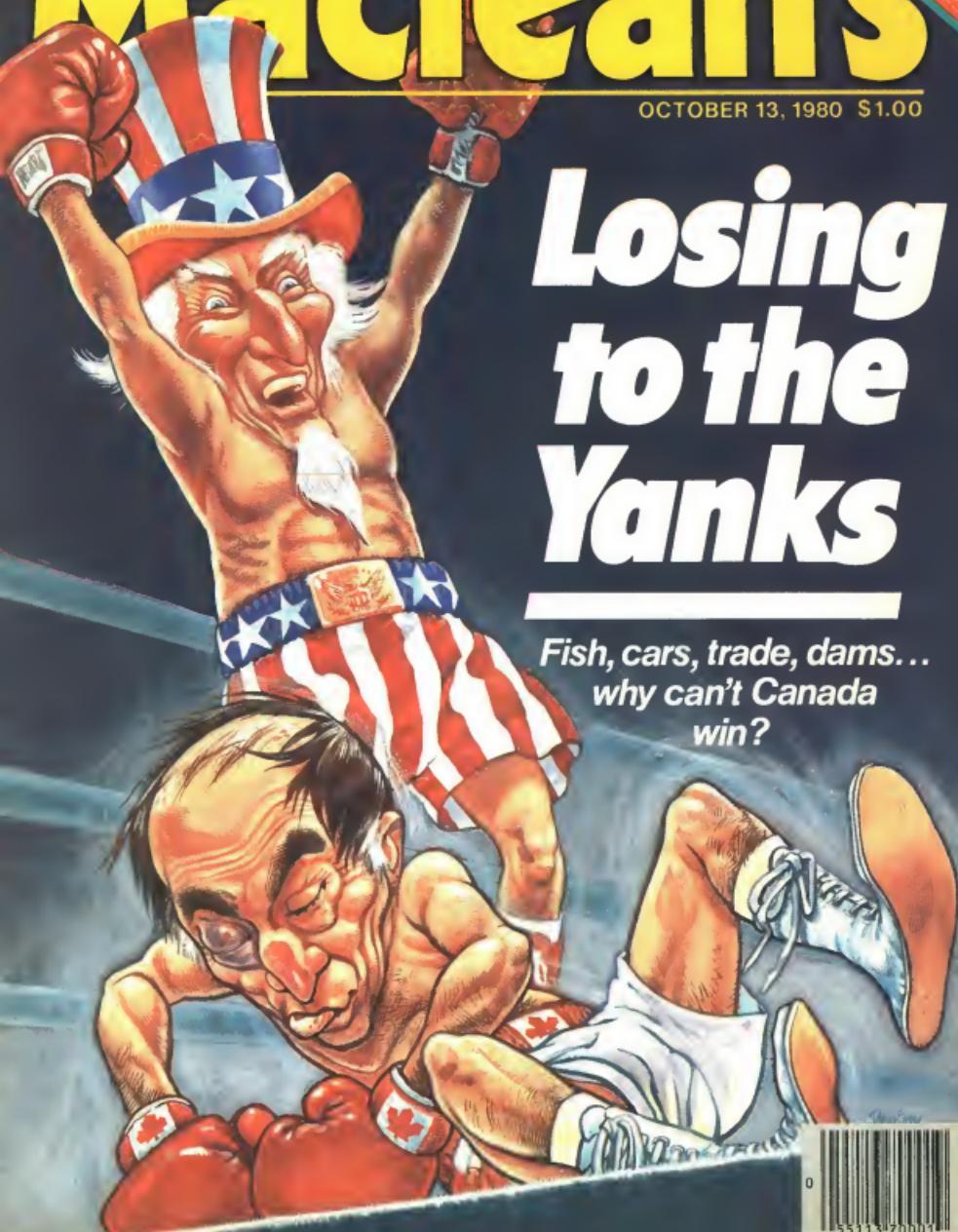
Maclean's

OCTOBER 13, 1980 \$1.00

The
Stampede
to cowboy culture

Losing to the Yanks

*Fish, cars, trade, dams...
why can't Canada
win?*





"Dad and I decided it was time to go back to Martinson's Creek to do what we hadn't done since '63."

We dug up an old shot of Dad.

"The four of us headed back to the cottage, fired our catch and enjoyed a Canadian Club. C.C.'s just right. Its smooth and light taste has made it 'The Best In The House', in 87 lands. And as Dad says, C.C.s a tradition that's been going on for over 120 years. I told him he should know, that's how long it'll take him to catch another decent fish."

Canadian Club

A taste of the world. The taste of home.

"I look great here,
aren't I? Stanley-Style."



CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

OCTOBER 13, 1980

VOL. 93 NO. 41



A devious game

The U.S. on the Appalachian Trail is still in his war with Inca's Hussein? While it sounds pre-fetched, it would be a good way of leaving the American badgers. **Page 40**

The 'meek' may inherit

The dark-skinned cat and most involved in their American power as government services were stranded across the land. It was Name: Raa vs. Toonie Scrooge. **Page 20**



COVER STORY

Losing to the Yanks

It's now 11 years since Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. He went along to the U.S. to disagree with an elephant one is affected by every touch and grain. Things haven't improved in fact, especially on both sides of the border have plummeted to a few low. The Yanks think Canada is getting too cheap over trade issues. Canadian diplomats wonder why the Yanks always win. **Page 25**



La Mujer Bonita

Lindsay Wagner hasn't played *The Bionic Woman* for two years, but in Mexico she's a smash hit. Problem is that many of her fans don't have television sets. **Page 26**

Ridin' high

Out of the ashes of spending disco rose the disco. Disco music and night life are returning to the spars of country ball in a lotted up very downtown style. **Page 30**



CONTENTS

Editorial	People	36
Backstage Passage	Sports	38
Podium: Marley Cookies	Hold the last can in Vegas	38
Q & A: David Lanz	40	
The Canada	The Indians are British Labour Party	40
Follow-up	10	
Letters	12	
Comments	17	
Losing to the Yanks: the constitution debate	22	
After squabbles, death in Vancouver back	24	
60 school in Calgary	25	
Baroness	26	
Baroness	27	
Baroness	28	
Baroness	29	
Baroness	30	
Baroness	31	
Baroness	32	
Baroness	33	
Baroness	34	
Baroness	35	
Baroness	36	
Baroness	37	
Baroness	38	
Baroness	39	
Baroness	40	
Baroness	41	
Baroness	42	
Baroness	43	
Baroness	44	
Baroness	45	
Baroness	46	
Baroness	47	
Baroness	48	
Baroness	49	
Baroness	50	
Baroness	51	
Baroness	52	
Baroness	53	
Baroness	54	
Baroness	55	
Baroness	56	
Baroness	57	
Baroness	58	
Baroness	59	
Baroness	60	
Baroness	61	
Baroness	62	
Baroness	63	
Baroness	64	
Baroness	65	
Baroness	66	
Baroness	67	
Baroness	68	
Baroness	69	
Baroness	70	
Baroness	71	
Baroness	72	
Baroness	73	
Baroness	74	
Baroness	75	
Baroness	76	
Baroness	77	
Baroness	78	
Baroness	79	
Baroness	80	
Baroness	81	
Baroness	82	
Baroness	83	
Baroness	84	
Baroness	85	
Baroness	86	
Baroness	87	
Baroness	88	
Baroness	89	
Baroness	90	
Baroness	91	
Baroness	92	
Baroness	93	
Baroness	94	
Baroness	95	
Baroness	96	
Baroness	97	
Baroness	98	
Baroness	99	
Baroness	100	
Baroness	101	
Baroness	102	
Baroness	103	
Baroness	104	
Baroness	105	
Baroness	106	
Baroness	107	
Baroness	108	
Baroness	109	
Baroness	110	
Baroness	111	
Baroness	112	
Baroness	113	
Baroness	114	
Baroness	115	
Baroness	116	
Baroness	117	
Baroness	118	
Baroness	119	
Baroness	120	
Baroness	121	
Baroness	122	
Baroness	123	
Baroness	124	
Baroness	125	
Baroness	126	
Baroness	127	
Baroness	128	
Baroness	129	
Baroness	130	
Baroness	131	
Baroness	132	
Baroness	133	
Baroness	134	
Baroness	135	
Baroness	136	
Baroness	137	
Baroness	138	
Baroness	139	
Baroness	140	
Baroness	141	
Baroness	142	
Baroness	143	
Baroness	144	
Baroness	145	
Baroness	146	
Baroness	147	
Baroness	148	
Baroness	149	
Baroness	150	
Baroness	151	
Baroness	152	
Baroness	153	
Baroness	154	
Baroness	155	
Baroness	156	
Baroness	157	
Baroness	158	
Baroness	159	
Baroness	160	
Baroness	161	
Baroness	162	
Baroness	163	
Baroness	164	
Baroness	165	
Baroness	166	
Baroness	167	
Baroness	168	
Baroness	169	
Baroness	170	
Baroness	171	
Baroness	172	
Baroness	173	
Baroness	174	
Baroness	175	
Baroness	176	
Baroness	177	
Baroness	178	
Baroness	179	
Baroness	180	
Baroness	181	
Baroness	182	
Baroness	183	
Baroness	184	
Baroness	185	
Baroness	186	
Baroness	187	
Baroness	188	
Baroness	189	
Baroness	190	
Baroness	191	
Baroness	192	
Baroness	193	
Baroness	194	
Baroness	195	
Baroness	196	
Baroness	197	
Baroness	198	
Baroness	199	
Baroness	200	
Baroness	201	
Baroness	202	
Baroness	203	
Baroness	204	
Baroness	205	
Baroness	206	
Baroness	207	
Baroness	208	
Baroness	209	
Baroness	210	
Baroness	211	
Baroness	212	
Baroness	213	
Baroness	214	
Baroness	215	
Baroness	216	
Baroness	217	
Baroness	218	
Baroness	219	
Baroness	220	
Baroness	221	
Baroness	222	
Baroness	223	
Baroness	224	
Baroness	225	
Baroness	226	
Baroness	227	
Baroness	228	
Baroness	229	
Baroness	230	
Baroness	231	
Baroness	232	
Baroness	233	
Baroness	234	
Baroness	235	
Baroness	236	
Baroness	237	
Baroness	238	
Baroness	239	
Baroness	240	
Baroness	241	
Baroness	242	
Baroness	243	
Baroness	244	
Baroness	245	
Baroness	246	
Baroness	247	
Baroness	248	
Baroness	249	
Baroness	250	
Baroness	251	
Baroness	252	
Baroness	253	
Baroness	254	
Baroness	255	
Baroness	256	
Baroness	257	
Baroness	258	
Baroness	259	
Baroness	260	
Baroness	261	
Baroness	262	
Baroness	263	
Baroness	264	
Baroness	265	
Baroness	266	
Baroness	267	
Baroness	268	
Baroness	269	
Baroness	270	
Baroness	271	
Baroness	272	
Baroness	273	
Baroness	274	
Baroness	275	
Baroness	276	
Baroness	277	
Baroness	278	
Baroness	279	
Baroness	280	
Baroness	281	
Baroness	282	
Baroness	283	
Baroness	284	
Baroness	285	
Baroness	286	
Baroness	287	
Baroness	288	
Baroness	289	
Baroness	290	
Baroness	291	
Baroness	292	
Baroness	293	
Baroness	294	
Baroness	295	
Baroness	296	
Baroness	297	
Baroness	298	
Baroness	299	
Baroness	300	
Baroness	301	
Baroness	302	
Baroness	303	
Baroness	304	
Baroness	305	
Baroness	306	
Baroness	307	
Baroness	308	
Baroness	309	
Baroness	310	
Baroness	311	
Baroness	312	
Baroness	313	
Baroness	314	
Baroness	315	
Baroness	316	
Baroness	317	
Baroness	318	
Baroness	319	
Baroness	320	
Baroness	321	
Baroness	322	
Baroness	323	
Baroness	324	
Baroness	325	
Baroness	326	
Baroness	327	
Baroness	328	
Baroness	329	
Baroness	330	
Baroness	331	
Baroness	332	
Baroness	333	
Baroness	334	
Baroness	335	
Baroness	336	
Baroness	337	
Baroness	338	
Baroness	339	
Baroness	340	
Baroness	341	
Baroness	342	
Baroness	343	
Baroness	344	
Baroness	345	
Baroness	346	
Baroness	347	
Baroness	348	
Baroness	349	
Baroness	350	
Baroness	351	
Baroness	352	
Baroness	353	
Baroness	354	
Baroness	355	
Baroness	356	
Baroness	357	
Baroness	358	
Baroness	359	
Baroness	360	
Baroness	361	
Baroness	362	
Baroness	363	
Baroness	364	
Baroness	365	
Baroness	366	
Baroness	367	
Baroness	368	
Baroness	369	
Baroness	370	
Baroness	371	
Baroness	372	
Baroness	373	
Baroness	374	
Baroness	375	
Baroness	376	
Baroness	377	
Baroness	378	
Baroness	379	
Baroness	380	
Baroness	381	
Baroness	382	
Baroness	383	
Baroness	384	
Baroness	385	
Baroness	386	
Baroness	387	
Baroness	388	
Baroness	389	
Baroness	390	
Baroness	391	
Baroness	392	
Baroness	393	
Baroness	394	
Baroness	395	
Baroness	396	
Baroness	397	
Baroness	398	
Baroness	399	
Baroness	400	
Baroness	401	
Baroness	402	
Baroness	403	
Baroness	404	
Baroness	405	
Baroness	406	
Baroness	407	
Baroness	408	
Baroness	409	
Baroness	410	
Baroness	411	
Baroness	412	
Baroness	413	
Baroness	414	
Baroness	415	
Baroness	416	
Baroness	417	
Baroness	418	
Baroness	419	
Baroness	420	
Baroness	421	
Baroness	422	
Baroness	423	
Baroness	424	
Baroness	425	
Baroness	426	
Baroness	427	
Baroness	428	
Baroness	429	
Baroness	430	
Baroness	431	
Baroness	432	
Baroness	433	
Baroness	434	
Baroness	435	
Baroness	436	
Baroness	437	
Baroness	438	
Baroness	439	
Baroness	440	
Baroness	441	
Baroness	442	
Baroness	443	
Baroness	444	
Baroness	445	
Baroness	446	
Baroness	447	
Baroness	448	
Baroness	449	
Baroness	450	
Baroness	451	
Baroness	452	
Baroness	453	
Baroness	454	
Baroness	455	
Baroness	456	
Baroness	457	
Baroness	458	
Baroness	459	
Baroness	460	
Baroness	461	
Baroness	462	
Baroness	463	
Baroness	464	
Baroness	465	
Baroness	466	
Baroness	467	
Baroness	468	
Baroness	469	
Baroness	470	
Baroness	471	
Baroness	472	
Baroness	473	
Baroness	474	
Baroness	475	
Baroness	476	
Baroness	477	
Baroness	478	
Baroness	479	
Baroness	480	
Baroness	481	
Baroness	482	
Baroness	483	
Baroness	484	
Baroness	485	
Baroness	486	
Baroness	487	
Baroness	488	
Baroness	489	
Baroness	490	
Baroness	491	
Baroness	492	
Baroness	493	
Baroness	494	
Baroness	495	
Baroness	496	
Baroness	497	
Baroness	498	
Baroness	499	
Baroness	500	
Baroness	501	
Baroness	502	
Baroness	503	
Baroness	504	
Baroness	505	
Baroness	506	
Baroness	507	
Baroness	508	
Baroness	509	
Baroness	510	
Baroness	511	
Baroness	512	
Baroness	513	
Baroness	514	
Baroness	515	
Baroness	516	
Baroness	517	
Baroness	518	
Baroness	519	
Baroness	520	
Baroness	521	
Baroness	522	
Baroness	523	
Baroness	524	
Baroness	525	
Baroness	526	
Baroness	527	
Baroness	528	
Bar		



TIGHTEN YOUR BELT WITHOUT FEELING THE PINCH.

These days, tightening our belts is becoming a way of life. And consumers have rarely been hit harder than while filling their gas tanks.

Fuel costs, to put it simply, have cramped our style. But there is one very comforting alternative.

The Rabbit Diesel. According to 1980 Transport Canada ratings, it's the fuel efficient car in the country with an astounding fuel consumption rating of a slight 5.0 L/100 km* (36 mpg).

So you can drive for miles without driving yourself to the poorhouse. And since the diesel engine works on a different combustion principle than gas engines, it needs no spark plug, ignition coil, distributor, points, condenser, or capacitor. So you never have to pay for a major tune-up. Plus engine wear is greatly reduced because diesel fuel acts as a natural lubricant, which helps eliminate the pinch of high maintenance costs.

Another pleasant aspect of the Rabbit Diesel is that it won't pinch.

you as a driver or passenger.

While most car manufacturers are busily shrinking their cars inside and out, we've already taken great pains to keep you free of painfully cramped interiors.

Inside, the Rabbit Diesel has enough room for four happy adults and their cargo. With standard features like fully reclining front bucket seats, Deep cut-pile carpeting, An electric rear window defroster, And a heat and sound insulation treatment for increased comfort and quiet.

Combine diesel driving economy, creature comforts, and engineering features such as rack-and-pinion steering and independent suspension. Add these to a body structure that has been compared to a Moller soft, and it's no wonder the Rabbit Diesel has such an incredibly high resale value.

So if you're thinking of tightening your belt think Rabbit Diesel. The only part of you it will pinch is your pockets.

**THE
VOLKSWAGEN
RABBIT**
DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS.

*Based on 1980 Transport Canada fuel consumption rating. Not yet available. Actual fuel economy will vary depending on how and when you drive. Actual results may vary. © 1980 Volkswagen AG. All rights reserved.

Editorial

Our neighbors still treat us like Mexicans in parkas

By Peter C. Newman

It seems only a few months ago that Canadians were being hailed as America's northern sweethearts. Ken Taylor, our ambassador to Iran, had sheltered and secreted out of the country six U.S. diplomats. We were one of the very few nations in the world to back unquestioningly the U.S.-sponsored boycott of the Moscow Olympics and obediently lined up behind Washington's trade war against the U.S.S.R. in retaliation to the Soviets' invasion of Afghanistan.

In the outpouring of canarderie that followed, we were showered with pledges of fealty and fellowship that should have made any conscientious Canadian blush. But ever since, a consistent series of decisions and initiatives by various branches of the U.S. government has made it perfectly clear that we are regarded, at best, as fair-weather friends. Within the lexicon of America's priorities, we seem to be categorized as a kind of subordinate Mexico (wearing parkas instead of ponchos), our preeminent function being to pump ever-increasing amounts of gas and oil out of the ground for U.S. consumption.

"Relations between Canada and U.S. have begun to swing in the wrong direction," Peter Taves, Canadian ambassador to Washington, recently complained. "The words Canada and Mexico are being used as in

horse-and-carriage or love-and-marriage ... One of the problems with this hard-boiled image is that the person in the middle is the one who gets to hold the most hands. For some Canadians, at least, the spectre of manifest destiny, like Dracula, is never really dead."

This may sound uncharacteristically blunt for a diplomatic. But Taves was really underlining our case. As this week's cover story accurately illustrates, in the half-dozen months that dominate Canadian-American relations, congressional decisions and dayca are damaging our long- and short-term economic interests. The 15-year-old automotive free trade agreement continues to discriminate against us; the Yanks are gearing up to waltz even more and rain on our parade; some 34 states have adopted "Buy American" legislation; keeping out our exports, the 1979 treaty setting shared fishing rights remains stalled; a tax agreement between the two countries is being threatened with sabotage by a powerful lobby of border-state senators.

It's high time for Ottawa to start making some nonpartisan noises and, if necessary, to take retaliatory action against U.S. laws that clearly conflict with our best interests. The simple economic fact is that the Americans need us a great deal more than we need them.



OCT. 13, 1980

Maclean's

Editor

Frederick W. Maser

Managing Editor

Michael S. McPherson

Associate Editors

Art MacLean, Vicki Smith

Entertainment Editor

Ken McElroy

Entertainment Editor

John Collier

Features Editor

Robert Doherty

Business Editor

John Thompson

Books Editor

John T. Leonard

Home & Garden Editor

John E. Edwards

Automotive Editor

John Johnson

Health Editor

John G. McRae

Arts Editor

John Collier

Science Editor

John Collier

Editorial

John Collier

Editorial

John Collier

Editorial

John Collier

Book Reviews

Edgar T. Whaley

Business Books

John Collier

Books

John Collier

The wreckers on the right

By Marc McDonald

It's the gloomy late-day light at a Paris sidewalk cafe, the baby dozing the blissful sleep of those who know nothing of the headlines. Beside him, however, his mother sits in a state of extended shock. Thanks to a fickle twist of fate, a few days earlier the two of them had just managed being among the 14 mangled dead and 200 severely wounded in the rubble left by Munich's Gikhorfersee neo-Nazi bombing. "It could have been us," she kept repeating. But her reflections did not end there. "You know, if there is another swell of anti-Semitism in Europe, I just wonder how many of our so-called friends would really be afraid?"

To the casual observer, these musings might have seemed a non sequitur. But the circumstances were perfectly obvious to a woman with a Star of David around her neck, who had escaped the nightmare only to be granted back home in Paris by another a neo-Nazi spree that left a synagogue, a Jewish day-care centre and a memorial to Jewish martyrs under the Nazi occupation all leveled by machine-guns fire and blackened by swathes of fire. Her fears, in fact, were to prove horrifyingly prophetic. Friday night, shortly after midnight, her shaking voice was the telephone's last word as a bomb-laden car exploded in the synagogue around the corner from her 18th arrondissement apartment, killing at least four people and injuring two dozen others of the 400 Sabbath observers.

It was the 11th neo-Nazi terrorist attack in the country in less than three months, and if it outweighed all previous ones for sheer bloodiness, the secession of abominations provoked French Grand Rabbi Jacob Kaplan into thundering against the apparent impotence of the country's predators, and he was not the only voice to cry out against a marked failure among European police forces to curb right-wing extremism with the same gusto that they systematically launch at the left.

The main reason for that reluctance may have been pragmatic. Until recently, terrorism in the name of Marx and Mao had simply succeeded in creating more havoc, from the sick Baader-Merkel kidnappings, which perversely Germany, to the bloody dismantling of Italian social trust by the assassins of the Red Brigades. But in the past year, as the stragglers from "78's" terrorist "winter" posters were being snatched behind bars with almost routine regularity while right-wing violence struck with deadly frequency, another conjecture began to become dreadfully clear. As events over the past two months have revealed, some law and order forces were muddled with neo-Nazi activists.

The sanguinary first male stage in the wake of the



After the synagogue blast, a Moody's reporter

88 corpses and 200 injured is a random neo-Nazi freak of death. Afterward, a socialist cabinet minister accused Italian police of collusions with the rightists. Investigations, however, promptly led to France and, in fact, are partly responsible for triggering the latest wave of anti-Semitic horrors. On a tip-off from Belgian police, French authorities arrested Paul-Louis Durand, a 25-year-old inspector linked with the secret service responsible, among other things, for terrorist surveillance and protection of VIPs.

At one time Durand had even been assigned to guard Kaplan, despite the fact that his superiors apparently knew he was a leading militant and editorial writer for a 150-member French neo-Nazi group called FANE, the Federation of National European Action, which made no secret of its motives: "Our race, one nation" and "Israel must be destroyed." Thus before the Bologna bombing, Durand had met with neo-Nazi extremists there and attended a training camp in the Alpes to recruit for right-wing advocates of violence.

In the ensuing imagery mix-and-merge outcome of FANE, the French government was less than pleased by the revelation that as many as 20 of the movement's 150-odd faithful were police, among them a high-ranking personnel officer responsible for promotion and roster scheduling. As Bertrand Thorens of the national weekly *Le Capital* and *Revolte* put it: "Why be surprised when the most important members of French society now make progress?" And a French newspaper revealed that not only did FANE have ties with Germany's neo-Nazis, Spain's right wing and the Ku Klux Klan, but that they had recently visited their sister-city in Munich.

The sterner strands that link Europe's right-wing terrorist are only now beginning to surface in a bloody tapestry that more than reveals the tableau of violence etched across the continent by the left. In France, however, the damage has taken on the darkest colors of all. Late last month, after the first wave of anti-Semitic attacks in Paris, an organization, which called itself FANE's successor, the Federation of European Nationalists (FEN), promised yet more mayhem unless FANE's former chief, a 46-year-old bank employee named Max Pfeiffer, was exonerated of assassinating a radical late when nominated Coll. 77.

Friday's synagogue bombing was their greatest reminder that as French authorities rushed to calm the country's enraged Jewish community and urge it not to respond in kind, the hope was that the explosion would put the ribs of those in power not only in France but all over Europe. Terrorists of the right have the same goal as those of the left: to bring down the curtain of social chaos and set the stage for their own vastly different—but not in the end dissimilar—brand of totalitarianism.

Marc McDonald is *Maclean's* Paris correspondent.



extra Special extra Mild

Enjoy the great taste of Rothmans in a special mild cigarette.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—
avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette—"Tar" 12 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg.



MEXICO So close. But so far away from everyday.

It doesn't take a long journey to guarantee a long list of extraordinary adventures. All it takes is a visit to sandy Mexico. Come, climb our pyramids, then explore the depths of our underwater wonderlands. Sail away to one of our jungle paradises. Lead the way through the twisting, treacherous streets of our romantic old towns.

It doesn't take forever... it certainly doesn't take a fortune... to discover that fabulous vacation called Mexico.

 MEXICAN GOVERNMENT
TOURISM OFFICE

101 Polytechnic Road - Suite 1212
Toronto, Ontario M8H 2C1

Please send your nearest
Mexican 'Mexico, The Amigo
Country'.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov. _____ P.O. (State/prov.)

Best way to reach you: Travel Agent Mailing address

MEXICO

the Amigo country

For details contact your Travel Agent or Mexican Consulate.

Watch those (government) ads!

To me the memo read like the outline for a propaganda campaign

By Murray Carlson

When the government uses my tax dollars to tell me what to think, I get concerned. When government advertising does not meet the minimum standard of integrity required by the national advertising code, when information it provides is false and misleading, I want to fight back. Unfortunately, I cannot.

In the chattering heat of summer, Ottawa launched two of the most expensive government advertising campaigns since the Second World War. The Liberal government had decided to put out two messages—one on the constitution and the other on energy. The constitution ads featured the free-flying Canada geese. The energy ads, however, told Canadians, who are the heaviest energy users in the world, "Energy, you have what it takes."

In a leaked memorandum setting out the strategy of the energy campaign, David Haughton, director of communications with the department of energy, mines and resources, advised that the objective would be to give federal control of the energy debate. "For certain public perceptions of the Canadian energy picture are altered," the memo argued, "energy will continue to have an adverse impact on the other major national issues on which government does have some current control: inflation, unemployment, the constitution . . ." The memo then asked: "What public perception could one hope to replace?" To me the memo read like the outline for a propaganda campaign. Not so, according to Mr. Haughton. "I attach to the word 'propaganda' or 'propaganda' certain unsavory characteristics in which one would try to manipulate public opinion by being somewhat less than forthcoming and showing a great deal less than candid."

On Aug. 1, an advertisement appeared in *The Globe and Mail* entitled "You Could Be Heating Your House With Gas From The Coldest Place On Earth." This ad was both misleading and, by Mr. Haughton's own definition, propaganda. Why did I think it misleading? The ad gave the impression that there is plenty of natural gas available in the Arctic islands—"Enough to heat every Canadian home for more than 50 years." The gas may be there, but we do not yet know how much of the gas we will be able to produce, how it will be transported or what it will cost. That is why the National Energy Board does not include Arctic gas in its calculations of Canada's energy supply. We all asked if the gas could be transported south by tanker and responded with a categorical "no." The government cannot substantiate that claim. According to Petro-Canada, the company operating the Arctic Pipe Project, "No one has ever tried shipping LNG (liquefied natural gas) through the

ice-covered waters of the Arctic islands before." According to the ad, the project will use Canadian money, skills, technology and people—"it's a total Canadian commitment." This claim is misleading because the technology for LNG will be imported from France and, under current plans, the ships will be built in foreign shipyards.

Not only is the ad misleading, it has it facts wrong. It listed the owners of the Arctic Pipe Project, but left out a company that owns 20 per cent—Dome Petroleum. The ad gave the cost of each tanker at \$300 million. In fact, this is the cost of two carrier ships. With all the money they have to work with, government admins are either innocent or they are distorting the truth. Finally, the advertisement claimed the project is "an territory administered by the Government of Canada." But what about the law? They claim much of this territory as the basis of their use and occupancy of the areas for exploration, and these claims have not yet been settled.

After investigation, I found that both the ethical standards developed by the advertising industry, and section 36 of the Canadian Investigation Act, disallow statements that are misleading or false. In both the code and act, the general expression is used as "advertisements" or "advertising"—*in general*—as defined. Unfortunately, the code is the standard of a voluntary association to which the government does not belong. The Canadian Act does not apply to government. As a private citizen, all I can do is request an investigation by either the Advertising Standards Council or the department of consumer and corporate affairs.

Why is it that our democracy has no protection against misleading advertising by government—on a series of challenges government propaganda? Several weeks ago two newspapers died. A has and one went out from politicians and journalists about the control of the press by two large chains. Almost immediately, a royal commission was announced by cabinet. But which is the greater threat to our freedom—the collapse of two newspapers or the freedom of the government to publish without challenge? Perhaps they are of equal measure, but where is the hue and cry from Mr. Trudeau and his colleagues questioning government control of the media? Come to think of it, where are the Loyal Opposition and the Fourth Estate?

What should be done? First, the government must correct the misleading and false information it has prepared. Second, Parliament must change the law so that government which have to play by the rules. Third, Parliament must establish more stringent guidelines. What is appropriate for government advertisements. Finally, the auditor-general must investigate this waste of government funds. Otherwise—the Canadian government's constitution ads probably won't be the last.

Murray Carlson is the executive secretary of the Canadian Ad Research Foundation, a nonprofit public-interest group.



Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success:
the extra smoothness and quality
that is unmistakably Seagram's.

Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



The world's most
expensive cutlery is
also the best



*'If Buddha cannot please
everyone, how could I?'*

Q&A: Dalai Lama

Spiritual messenger with his heart in Tibet

Tenzin Gyatso, the Fourteenth Dalai Lama of Tibet, was born in the small farming village of Taktser in the year of *Double* on July 6, 1935. At the age of 2, following a nationwide search, he was declared to be the reincarnation of the predecessor, the great Thirteenth Dalai Lama. He spent his childhood in the company of monks and attendants, with rare visits from his family. As he grew older he became concerned about the welfare of his people. After years of self-study and research, including the study of English, science and mathematics. In his own Buddhist studies he was encouraged by his tutor to be a spiritual leader, a teacher who can understand the needs of people. In 1959 he expanded this. For nine years thereafter, the Dalai Lama—respected by Tibetans as their leader as well as refugees leader—made comparisons with the Communists, holding that he alone could reverse the effect of their occupation upon his people. In March of 1959, however, a popular uprising against the Chinese erupted at Lhasa, the capital. The Dalai Lama escaped to India, fol-

lowed by more than 100,000 refugees fleeing a brutal suppression, one that eventually led to those more than half a million lives and result in the almost complete destruction of the traditional Tibetan culture. More recently, Prince Rainier has welcomed major reforms in its traditional regime, hoping to save the refugee home, and representatives of the Dalai Lama have been allowed to visit their homeland with a new freedom, seeking help for goods. From his residence in India, the Dalai Lama has tried to rally the spirit of Tibetan refugees scattered the world over. He will meet with refugees living in Canada on June 16, 1980, in a special conference arranged by the Canadian Tibet Committee, a non-governmental organization based in New York headed by master John Atwood.

QUESTION: What were your first feelings on being received at the United Nations?

DALAI LAMA: I was very happy. I liked it a lot. Even before I was recognized, I often told my mother that I was going to go to Lhasa.

QUESTION: When you were a little boy, how did you feel about being treated by

The future is NOVA. The future is here!

NOVA, AN ALBERTA
CORPORATION... for all
of Canada. The cube repre-
sents NOVA... its divisions,
affiliates and subsidiaries.
The rock, putting it all
together!

It's what we have been doing
for more than a quarter of a
century. It's what we continue
to do in Canada every day.

See "NOVA" on the
opposite page. It's an
expression that, like
Alberta-based, we had
made. In fact, NOVA worked
hard to get to today. In short,
we made it a company that has
become a bright, bold force
for the Canadian future.

Our people, our resources,
our operations, our progress
are for all Canadians, as we
continue to build from our
resourceful Alberta base.



**NOVA
AN ALBERTA
CORPORATION**

...for all of Canada.



Post Office Box 2535, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2N6



"Proximity-ous, Breslow,
it seems to me management material
would have booked us into the
Holiday Inn."

Holiday Inn is closer to where the action is in business.

Holiday Inn has more than 60 hotels across Canada. So it's more than likely we've got one just where you need one. And it's, probably, within minutes of your clients. All our hotels feature the same famous standards, to make you feel comfortable and pleasantly welcome.

As a business traveller,

you will also appreciate numerous extra-special features. Like free guest parking, spacious conference rooms, special corporate and group rates, seminar packages, and Inner Circle® membership. Next business trip, stay with Holiday Inn. Because we're closer to the action.

Holiday Inn®
Number One in people pleasing.

For reservations, call toll-free: In British Columbia and Alberta, 1-(800)-268-8811; in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8980; in Toronto, 486-6400; in Montreal, 878-4321; or your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.

adults as an important person? Were you apprehensive or even frightened of being so sexual?

Dalai Lama: Tibetans are very practical people. Oldas [elders] would never have asked that question. I was very frightened. When I first approached Lobsang [the Debubpon] Pala, the Nyingma Guide, came to further verify that I was the correct chosen. With him came an old, very respected and kindly realized gohpa [elder] from Loring College of Drepung Monastery. He was deeply concerned whether or not I was the correct chosen. He has made a mistake in finding the Dalai Lama would be very dangerous. He came into the tent where I was in a group audience and declared that unquestionably I was the right chosen. So you see, though there were certain very proper old people who wanted to be sure, I apparently got on a good performance and convinced them [daughter].

MacLean's: Of. Not asking you about your own deepest experience, but in terms of the course of your life—the events of your life—how have those affected you as a man? How have you grown through experiencing them?

Dalai Lama: Being a refugee has been very useful. You are much closer to reality. When I was in Tibet as the Dalai Lama, I was trying to be realistic, but now, because of circumstances there was more distance, I think I was not related from the reality.

MacLean's: Only a few people in Avery Lane have considered, in one way or another, divorce. Is the role a burden or a solace?

Dalai Lama: It is very helpful. Through this role I can be of great benefit to people. For this reason I think, I'm at home with it. It's clear that it is very helpful to people and that is the human relationship to be in that role. Also, it is clear that there is a karuna relationship with the Tibetan people in particular.

MacLean's: How do you deal with your personal limitations, your缺点 as a man?

Dalai Lama: Again, as it says in Shantideva [Buddhist scripture], "If the Blessed Buddha cannot please all sentient beings, then how could I?" Being an enlightened being, with limitless knowledge and power and the wish to save all others from suffering, cannot eliminate the individual karma of each being.

MacLean's: Could you describe current conditions in Tibet as far as you are informed of them?

Dalai Lama: Each day the labor period is 10 or 12 hours, sometimes 14. Therefore, the Tibetans say there are only three things to eat. In the morning you see the stores, during the day the looks at the houses, and at night, returning from work, the moon. After work they eat

**"This Wiser's
Special Blend.
It's worth more.
Much more."**



Eighteen mellow and
mature whiskies give
Wiser's Special Blend
a smoothness you'd
expect to find only
in ryes costing more.
Much more.

Good Show!



bill

The Parker 1960 fountain pen. Choosing the right pen is a good idea.

When the pen consistently delivers a fine performance, when it does the same over repeated use, no matter where it appears in the world, when it becomes a treasured possession or a lasting gift, then you know it's a Parker. For enthusiastic buyers, look for the pen with the arrow clip.

 PARKER

remain another two or three hours at political meetings.

Moskow's *Is proper education available?*

Dalai Lama: In central Tibet, two or three years back, we heard on Radio Lhasa propaganda that there were more than 3,000 primary schools and a few middle schools. Recently, the Chinese said that there are 5,000 primary schools in central Tibet. No doubt there are several thousand. The real standard of education, though, is very, very low. In China itself, in the past two or three decades, there has been more emphasis on ideology than education. The food conditions for schoolboys and girls are also bad. Due to that food, most of the students get very sick. Many of them have said that they never want to be born again in such a place.

Moskow's *How about medical care?*

Dalai Lama: There are many clinics. There are also the famous lamaistic doctors. One good thing is that the Chinese respect traditional Tibetan medicine. They have actually built factories to make Tibetan medicine. This is very good, but the actual health conditions among the masses are different. The real benefit they get from these health centers is very little. Also, you might know that they have been changing the head of the traditional Tibetan doctors—now, Rebkong, the leader. The new person is a Tibetan, which the Chinese make a big point of for propaganda purposes. I know this person very well. He is very good man, very nice man, but, unfortunately, when we spoke, we needed an interpreter. He didn't speak Tibetan. When he was a very small boy, he was taken by the Red Army during their Long March. He was free then on completely cut off from any contact with Tibetans. His wife is Chinese. He spent his entire life in the Red Army.

Moskow's *Is the country very much an armed camp? After 20 years, is it still occupied by Chinese troops?*

Dalai Lama: Friendlessly whenever there is a Tibetan population, there also is a big Chinese military camp. In the border area it is understandable to have large military camps, but inside, if there were quite normal, then why would it be necessary to station large numbers of soldiers everywhere? In Lhasa since, the Han population is more than the Tibetan population.

Moskow's *It's hard to say at this point, but the political conditions would you go back to Tibet?*

Dalai Lama: In general, explanations are general ones, that the people he happy. Now is the main point. In detail, I don't want to say at the moment—and it's difficult to say. At the moment there is no question of returning. First, things need change inside, then, we'll see.

THE NEW WORLD CAR FORD ESCORT



FORD ESCORT



Front wheel drive. Four wheel independent suspension. North American built. 42 mpg.* (city/hwy) 54 mpg.* (hwy).

Engineering teams from North America and overseas joined forces to create a new car with better ideas from around the world.

Top engineers drawn from the worldwide resources of Ford Motor Company teamed up to create Escort. They pooled their expertise, tested, evaluated, experimented—to come up with better ideas, ideas so much better, at least 27 patents are issued or pending approvals.

The result: An aerodynamically-designed high-mileage car built in North America for American and Canadian drivers—with other models built and sold overseas.

42 MPG

*Transport Canada Fuel Guide ratings.

For standard power train.

Your actual results may vary.

6.7 L/100 km



Front-wheel drive and four-wheel independent suspension.

To match the performance of the new engine, Escort comes not only with front-wheel drive, but four-wheel fully independent suspension for smooth road holding—precise rack-and-pinion steering, front stabilizer bar, new all season steel-belted radials for sure footed traction, and more.



Drive a world car.

Ford Escort 3-door Hatchback, 4-door Liftback with fold-down seat that give you 30.6 cubic ft (867 L) of storage... and there's even a Square wagon option. Whether you buy or lease, see your Ford Dealer now.

BUILT IN NORTH AMERICA TO TAKE ON THE WORLD.

Recollections of our first.

We manoeuvred our way through the welter of construction. The hotelier pointed up towards exposed air ducts and dangling wires and said, "It will be a vaulted ceiling with beams." He pointed out an area off the lobby destined to be a lounge with a floor-to-ceiling brick fireplace. And I thought: A log fire! If they were building the Airport Inn today, that's what they'd do.

We peered down at a swimming pool, some forty feet long. The sun flooded in through a skylight and a window wall. And outside were dozers and scrapers and men building steps up a slope towards a stand of old cedars. An inner garden for those poolside to look out onto.

The hostler pointed down "Oak planking" We were outside what was to become a small, elegant dining room and a larger restaurant. They, too, looked out onto a garden. Over the way, a health club, with squash and tennis courts, was in the making. We saw the meeting rooms, bright with natural light, windows and patios opening onto a quiet, green outlook. The thought intruded again: pool and garden, restaurants and garden, meet-

ing rooms and gardens, tennis courts. How like the *Armenian*!...

The Airport Inn was Delta Hotels first. Tasteful and friendly, something like a country inn set down near Vancouver International Airport. Eighteen years and many hotels later, the Airport Inn, quiet, friendly, and altogether nice, has a partner in spirit.

100

Delhi's new Meadowvale Inn is now open, the bustle of construction replaced by a cool serenity. Some eight miles west of Toronto International Airport, just south of the 401 Highway, it is part of the new planned community of Meadowvale. Its impressive aspects include a two-level suite with log-burning fire, and tub-and-shower bathroom, and a children's creative centre, staffed with all sorts of fascinating things for little minds and fingers to busy themselves while parents unbust themselves. The Meadowvale Inn's 200 guest rooms are large and very usefully done; its lobby, restaurants and lounges have something about them that defy hotel banality. Like a country inn, a nice, warm feeling.

The old word, hosestry, comes to mind

Delta Hotels introduces the Meadowvale Inn.

West of Toronto International Airport, Mississauga, Ontario L4W 4Z2 (416) 622-2582

This Canada

A mean town matures



By Wayne Skene

The name unfortunately evokes a bizarre array of foreshadowing images, 100% truths and tantalizing speculations. Fort McMurray. It evokes a symbolic monolith, perhaps not quite so permanent as Sodden and Grossenbach, nor as solid as Dallas, but almost, to some minds, the unemployable Canadian. Fort McMurray, is Spanish—steady jobs with the highest wages in the country. For most northerners, Fort McMurray is the continent's largest and most exciting boom town—the place where economic expansion, matched with national concern, convert easily to a statistical measure: *surplus* (or of human materials and energy). For others, Canada, at least Alberta, is a "Bohemian" town, a "wildly" unbalanced and abrasive term that points to the locus of Alberta wealth. For the media, Fort McMurray is a veritable Pandor's box of capitalism where the human shards of rapid growth are piled shamelessly for inspection. Is bad timing, there's a little self-reverence as well as the news of someone else's misfortune.

For better or for worse, Fort McMurray is now an inedible part of the Canadian lexicon. In 1973, when the oil corporations set the world on its collective ear with a 300-plus-percent increase in the price of crude oil, the 18,300 citizens of Fort McMurray were writhing with a burning crisis attributed to a 30-percent increase in their population over just two years. In retrospect, the 1973

10. Mission is still the highest priority

Black Gold With Grit: The Photos of Alberta Oil Sands "to give a fast-moving superhighway the 250,000-odd miles... to the mass, with ample time for apprehension and of course... the frantic scramble to convert this young latent wealth into 250 billion barrels of synthetic oil" was the catalyst for Fort McMurray's rapid growth, its industry, reputation, and the social anxiety it was thrown into.

forers than 8,000 construction workers flocked to Fort McMurray over a four-year period. It is estimated from studies between 1974 and '76, while the pipeline project was under construction, as many as 40,000 numbers of a "labor work force"—workers coming to join as their personal interests—panned through the town. At the peak of the construction period, it is argued of 1977, Fort McMurray was the magnet that attracted Canada's greatest gold-seekers and the nucleus of Alberta's boom economy. Fort McMurray, en route to search northern Alberta's wilderness to the north, became the gateway to the oil fields of the Athabasca Valley, where the Athabasca Valley, with its enormous, vast and unbroken human expanse, was to become the



make a more recognizable of John Macleod's Read family. At The Grotto Work, the less fortunate and the less fortunate escaped in drafty tents and shacks along the highway into Fort McMurray. The few houses that existed there were always New hungup—when available—a price at \$80,000 to start. Basic facilities for the population of 200 consisted of a single community centre and any towns where you could buy a meal. Like photos from a Depression gold rush, Fort McMurray residents lived up for the week, a delivery of fresh vegetables at the grocery store.

The town was hurting. It was a mess. And it showed. Crimes of assault, sexual delinquency, alcohol and drug use and sexual offense had all All-

burn statistics. Thus, at a time when Alberta led the nation in most of these categories, the per capita rate of firebreaks was double the provincial average. Furthermore, the number of narrow firebreaks was and diversions forced to figure double those of, for example, Ontario. Fort McMurray was all things Canadian: communities are not supposed to be—visually uncovering, aesthetically solid and stabilized by an invasion of acreage, unemployed residents. But that was 25 years ago.

Today, Fort McMurray is a surprisingly stable city of 38,000 residents

"We did it and we survived," claims Judi Dickie, a 26-year-old Fort McMurray city planner and community editor for the *Fort McMurray Today* daily newspaper. "We didn't fall apart at the seams, because glibbering idiots or end up in Valence, say, either." The crime statistics have fallen dramatically with the exodus of the Syncrude construction workers in the winter of 1977-78. Plans are under way as to how to cope with the best construction boom—the Syncrude Albian Sands plant to be located north of the Syncrude site. Fort McMurray shows every evidence of having not

only survived, but of mastering as well. First, though, the city must put up with another invasion that is currently under way. This invasion is not made up of the denim-clad unemployed. Instead, the new invaders, attracted like moths to a bright flame, wear three-piece suits and carry cassette tape recorders. They are the Fort McMurray watchers—social scientists and media reporters. Each week at least one visiting journalist "discovers" the problems of Fort McMurray. In the past five years, 16 major business and academic studies have been conducted by visiting and resident social scientists.

"Very often what is written about us doesn't reflect the here-and-now," says Mayor W.E. (Ted) Mason. The soft-spoken Mason is the town's former water-staff sergeant and has been a resident for six years. Almost apologetically he informs Montreal's that this is the second interview he has given this day, the first to a national business magazine studying growth and development in the fibboard called Fort McMurray. Mason's pleasant manner clouds somewhat when he refers to a recent piece in *The Globe and Mail* titled "The Steel City of Boom Town" and bordered in black, the article mentioned three times.

"It was unfair and grossly out of date," says Ken Flaherty, a 29-year-old resident and tour co-ordinator at the *Scanner* Inn plant. The article, written in August by a free-lance writer from Montreal, focused on bad CBC television and radio, National Geographic magazine, a West German television network and *The New York Times*, on the northern side of Fort McMurray. It portrayed the town as a sine-qua-non capital, complete with a higher than average divorce rate, alcohol-related and juvenile offenses and the host of sexual deviancy. "We're still looking for the signs of sexual deviancy," says Judi Dickie. "God knows we've all looked.... Turn on the winter-based *ice* article on a study done three years ago."

The study—written by Charles Hibbert—was principally aimed at examining the impact an added Albian plant would have on Fort McMurray and the surrounding areas. The study probed the pitfalls of rapid economic growth, assessed stress factors related to strange new community environments and the high cost of living in isolated places such as Fort McMurray, as well as the shortage of dormitory housing. The *Globe and Mail* quoted one Fort McMurray resident as saying the lights have been legitimate three or four years now, says Hibbert with reference to life during the Syncrude construction period. "It was an interesting period to be sure," says Dyke. "You learned to sleep on Thursday morning when the produce trucks

Listen to the Rainbow!

Fresh. Bright. Leading you to a rewarding experience. And that's what we promise at CKEY, too. Good music, nice people and solid news. A great all 'round radio station.

Follow the rainbow to easy listening radio. We think you'll agree that it's as good as gold.

590 CKEY
FRESH. BRIGHT. RADIANT.



"...was bloody awful, especially when the 'Beasters' (as the construction employees were referred to) ransacked town on their way to Edmonton on Friday night. But it didn't affect the quality of my life. I still went shopping—for emergencies when it was available—and didn't get knifed over the head or raped." Now, although local statistical data isn't yet available, Mason claims from his ROMP experience that crime in Fort McMurray "is probably normal on a per-capita comparison with other Alberta communities."

If Fort McMurray's been difficulty recognizing their community when it is paraded before the country by national media, it's probably because they have been trying to cultivate a little mystery out of the notoriety of the Alberta oil fields. They point proudly to a modern, efficient transit system, a \$4.5-million 584-unit apartment complex where a resident theatre company performs works such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *West Side Story*, a new 300-bed hospital and even a white-tenting city. In newly constructed restaurants, patrons are asked politely if they prefer smoking or non-smoking seating—a service many volunteered even in supposedly sophisticated downtown Edmonton.

"Fort McMurray isn't a lot different from Edmonton or Scarborough, Ontario," says Tilde Gifford, a social worker, former Torontonian and one-year resident of McMurray. "There are still a significant number of people moving in and out, but the longer I live here the less unique the social dynamics of Fort McMurray appear."

The mean age for Fort McMurray residents is 28.86, five years older than the provincial figure. Only 125 residents actually claim they are "retired." Statistically, 73 per cent of the citizens have lived in Fort McMurray less than five years. "But that's one of the more fascinating aspects of the town," says Mason. "The new people provide growth



Fort McMurray as it was (above left) and now (right), city hall (below) and the University of Scarborough Out-



a definite multicultural flavor. A 1978 report refers to the city as a "little United Nations." It possesses a large francophone population as well as German, Philistine and Ukrainian cultural organizations. Shadias show that more than 5,000 people from the Atlantic provinces live there. In business and professional writing circles, the most popular magazine is *Alberta Report*. The receipts at the Senior plant were a "T-shirt depicting a tortoise CHATHAM, N.B. Newfoundland license plates outnumber other out-of-province plates by 1 to 1. One splendid statement: as the community's diverse character was the dusty pickup driving down the main drag—Franklin Avenue—sporting Newfoundland license plates and rear-wheel mud flaps that read ALBERTA—CANADA'S STEEL CAPITAL."

Whatever sense of isolation and fear in Fort McMurray that may have survived the rugged time of construction has evidently been overcome by a strong sense of community. "I think people look at this community and say, 'It's got most everything we need now—good schools, health care, recreation facil-

NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET WET TO GET CLOSE.



If it were true that only a blade can provide a truly close shave, then we at Philishave would have rested our case years ago.

But Philips technology told us we could make our shaver shave as close or closer than a blade. And persistence is so often, the mother of invention. May we introduce the 1980 Philishave with the lift and cut system.

Now everyone of our Philishave's 45 rotary-action blades has a unique lifter. The lifter does precisely what its name suggests: it gently lifts the hair, allowing the cutter behind to shave it closer.

The result is a genuine new closeness you can actually feel with your fingertips.

We invite you to try the new Philishave and the lift and cut system for yourself. You'll find the shaver that's always been a cut above the rest, now shaves a cut below the rest.



PHILIPS



PHILISHAVE INTRODUCES THE LIFT AND CUT SYSTEM.

Follow-up

Held by a 16-year-old warrant

For 15 years nobody paid much attention to Bonnard on Bonnar. Then his case attracted national publicity when it was featured last December on CBC-TV's now-canceled *Outsiders*. Bonnar had been confined to a New Brunswick mental hospital since 1964 when, at age 18, he was involved in an alleged purse-snatching incident. A New Brunswick judge had declared him unfit to stand trial, and he was put away under a lieutenant-governor's warrant, a legal device that critics, including former *Outsiders* hostess Kathleen Ruff (Montreal), March 2,

1980) noted has no set term—and, in Bonnar's case, clearly has confined him much longer than if he'd been tried and sent to jail.

The adverse publicity prompted the New Brunswick government to review Bonnar's case, and last May a new "benevolent" warrant was issued, allowing him more freedom and improved care. The patient, according to the review board's recommendations, would undergo an "individualized rehabilitation program" and eventually be allowed "visits home as conditions permit." Since then, however, progress has been slow, and an another autism arrives with Bonnar still spending most of his time in the maximum-security wing of the Restigouche Hospital Centre at Campbellton, N.B., both his mother and the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR) are angry that he hasn't been transferred to a hospital in Fredericton, where his mother lives. "It's just outrageous that she should have to travel hundreds of miles to visit him," says Gervie Boudreault of the CAMR. Adds Rose Bonnar: "They're doing everything to me, not giving my son."

According to the Campbellton hospital, Bonnar can't be sent to Fredericton yet because the psychiatric cost at the hospital there is for short-term patients only. He insists, however, that moving him remains the ultimate goal. At present, Bonnar, who is mentally retarded and may have a secondary psychiatric problem, which may be due to his lengthy hospitalization, is spending four hours a day in a rehabilitation unit at the Campbellton hospital. St-Orge says this will be increased as the patient adjusts to his new environment. Later will come "outside privileges"—freedom on the hospital grounds and unescorted visits downtown. Finally, Bonnar would be shifted to the Dr. Everett Chalmers Hospital in Fredericton, from where he could have regular visits home. St-Orge says he hopes this can happen within "months" rather than years.

The one-gang— and seemingly indefensible—part of all of this is why it has taken a decade and a half to get to this point, given Bonnar's apparent potential for rehabilitation. The fault appears to be with the lieutenant-governor's warrant, which, in effect, left him forgotten, boy and man, for that time. And it raises critics that he is still held under a warrant, albeit a renewed one. Fredericton didn't think, "I just don't think he belongs in the mental justice system at all." The administration is phasing in certified new moves to try to re-integrate him into a hospital near his home. For the time being, however, Bonnar remains in the institution where he has spent nearly half his life.

David Pautler

Go on. Be choosy.

Naturally, you choose Captain Morgan for taste and quality.

Captain Morgan De Luxe, a rum of connoisseurs, is a rich blend of the world's finest rums aged at least 5 years to smooth, mellow perfection.

Or choose Captain Morgan Black Label, a robust, full-bodied rum that mixes well with just about anything.



phasar
quartz

Sears & Best

Get the 'best of both times' with
Sears Best Phasar Digi-Ana and save \$40

The Digi-Ana has two faces, so it can keep time simultaneously in two places. It has a digital display for 12- or 24-hour time keeping, plus a conventional dial. Easy-set alarm is handy for appointments or wake-up, and you can set the alarm to go off every hour. Chronograph times in 1/100th second. Calendar features day and date; black light for easy viewing day or night. Quartz-regulated for guaranteed accuracy.

Available at most Sears Retail Stores and through our Catalogue Sales Offices.

Water resistant stainless steel case, bracelet
047-411-501. Wtgs \$159.99
\$159.99

Also available in Yellow Gold color.
047-411-500. Wtgs \$219.99
\$179.99

Calendar Alarm Chrono Stopwatch

Sears

your money's worth...and more



Oil is trickier than water

We should not expect a quick settlement on oil prices between Alberta and the federal government because the issue is just too good for the politicians to let it die by either an inaction agreement (Alberta Daily Star, Oct. 20) or a deal (Globe, Sept. 10). At least in Alberta, oil producers are having a hard time, they are in hock to the oil companies. They realize that this is a high-profile issue of which the people of Canada are reminded every time they pull up to the gas pump or pay their fuel bill. I think that both Trudeau and Laing probably have a pretty good idea of the final price formula now. They are not going to spoil a good thing going

only by announcing it too soon. If they were both really serious about energy conservation, they would be promoting alternate energy resources.

JOHN TURNER, CAMBRIDGE, ONT

A costly game of chess

More power to Wayne Todd, former editor of Fleet Street. Maxine Moon (The Star, Sept. 20) is right when she says that the oil companies are being allowed to "play their game." They realize that this is a high-profile issue of which the people of Canada are reminded every time they pull up to the gas pump or pay their fuel bill. I think that both Trudeau and Laing probably have a pretty good idea of the final price formula now. They are not going to spoil a good thing going

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: Maclean's Box 1600, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B8

Name _____

Moving date: _____

New Address _____

My present address is _____

City _____ Post: _____

My old address is _____

Postal code: _____

My new address is _____

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE
AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY!

Take advantage of 11 Christensen awards (1 FLARE and enclosed old address label from these magazines as well).

I enclose a check for \$_____

for the _____

Arachni and 40-hour intergalactic and Portage and Main and Larry Zeff and Sterling Price. We've survived in a Siberian climate and living hundreds of miles from any major centre. But it's going to be tough to survive this blow because when a newspaper does as does a good dose of freebies, and democracy is ended just a little bit more.

MEILLE GRENIERAN, WINNIPEG

Hardly hysterical

I may not agree with much Marlene Ribble has to say about the Canadian film industry, but if your reporter thought she heard me describe Ms. Ribble as "hysterical" she is very much mistaken (National Film Festival, *People*, Sept. 22). She was much more controlled and polished during our exchange than I was, having carefully allowed myself to work up a small rage at a clutch of simpering, powervisionists in the audience. I'm most anxious for her to be censured in case Ms. Ribble assumes me again with faulty information. I also refute the charge of whining. I am reliably informed that my whining glands were surgically cauterized with my tonsils at the age of 5.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, FILM CONSULTANT
OF CANADA INC., TORONTO

Dr. Deliverance

I am angered by the bigoted and value-laden journalism of your article "Tragedy in the Sun" (Toronto, Aug. 11). Although the reporter, Michael Marshall, is fervently selective and temperamental, I take particular exception to this article. The title alone indicates that the subject has been judged to be without true merit. Not only does the writer concern himself more with form (Dr. Ross's appearance and manner) than content (like scientific research), but he also expresses himself with such judgmental words as "obsessive" and "bragging." This reader feels completely capable of reaching an intelligent conclusion from the facts without the loaded statements. Writer, David Thorne also decides for the reader that Dr. Ross's programs and others like it "can only help a small number of people suffering from [fibrofay]." I am a member of that "small group" and for the past 10 years have hoped that medical research—whether its regenerative or suppressor or deadly—will succeed in its efforts of P.R.C. (Progressive extra-corporporate).

ROBERTA HERTLER, 22 THOMAS ST.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 141 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5H 2B8.

Tia Maria goes with Bogota.
Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
Tia Maria goes with music.
Tia Maria goes with dessert.
Tia Maria goes with friends.



Tia Maria goes.

For recipe booklet write: Tia Maria, P.O. Box 306, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3J7

Profile: Don Francks



A jack-of-all-trades and master of most

By Jim Bearden and
Uncle Jean Butler

None in the whole world," said Nickie Glazier years ago, "is like Don Francks." A multi-talented entertainer, Francks is given to strange pilgrimages and subwayspots from his work. Is an infantry, that usually depends on longevity and canter to ensure success. Francks is a maverick. He is his own man and does what he wants to do when he wants to do it. He may be the only person to ever leave Hollywood while riding a crest of success, logo and leg as an Indian reservation—which is still his home. But that doesn't sound like a strange move for a man who left school after Grade 9 to become a merchant sailor, a man who spent time floating around the Pacific in a small boat with the Greenpeace organization in an effort to save whales, a man who completed an exhausting shooting schedule in Toronto as a seven-week up-fit session for *CHUCKY* (The Phoenix). Francks is then immediately whisked to northern B.C. as he attempts to save the region's game from trophy hunters. In response to my critique,

he should spend more time pursuing his entertainment industry career. Francks merely shrugs. "I keep living my life. You know?"

A visit to Francks and his family—wife Lili, 12-year-old daughter Cassi-Susanna and infant son Rainbow Son—in their Toronto studio affords a glimpse into the man's character. The family has created a very workable and pleasant space from what was once an ad-hoc and very put-down storefront tacked onto the front of a parking garage on a small street in Toronto. The place is dotted with hand-woven Indian rugs on the wall, a wide assortment of musical instruments, Lili's black doll collection and a well-read shelf of good books. An array for beatiful, insanely towering Australian snakes perches "just" that Francks claims is in his hair (he is a self-styled in the musical community as an outstanding jester). He is and is well-known as one of the few who will actually improve a concert.

The whole place runs out at every glance the monumental amount of work

the Francks put into it. Floors stripped and refinished, walls knocked out and moved, walls painted after removing layers and layers of wallpaper, the basement studio dug out by hand—all this effort in a rented facility.

The Francks' other home is a log house on Siksika-ka-wa's Red Pheasant Indian Reserve, where there is no electricity, no running water and no bathroom facilities. Francks insulated the building with a traditional mud treatment—handfuls of dirt, peat moss and willow water thrown against the walls inside and out. Francks reports that the house is good down to -45° "without freezing the first going all night."

How is it that this "here again—gone again" man can come back to the entertainment industry and find work whenever he seems to want it? "It's a star," he says.

He's a good actor," says Lawrence Melvin, producer of the series *The Phoenix*. "When the camera is running he's phenomenal. If the size of the lens is changed, he knows precisely how to change the size of his behavior."

Well, there is that. He is good at his work. But Francks brings more to his acting than just acting. There are glimpses of the man himself through his characters, which make his work interesting and compelling. Francks is a character man especially, a reclusive, magnetic man whose public self ranges from witty and talkative to reserved and restrained. In one conversation—Francks loves to talk—poetic imagery and song sense as freely as his lips do four-letter words and whining, biting satire. His heart has a lifeless look. He can bring to a characterization all the complexity and awareness that his varied lifestyle has given him.

He has undertaken to dress and to act in everything from reverent to Shakespeare, to mime, write, sing, dance, paint, carve, sculpt—it's sheer. He has tried his hand at just about every form of artistic expression imaginable. He has also been a foundry worker, designer and maker of his own clothes, motorcycle enthusiast, carpenter, exchange, handymen, book-lender and book-dealer on the Indian reserve. Anything he tries, he does at full bore. Of his *NETCA* Award-winning performance in *Drivin' Up the Street*, a hard-hitting CBC drama about drug dealing and child prostitution, Toronto critic Bob Blatchford says, "He's a fantastic boy." But he adds, "There are depths in Francks that haven't even touched by that character."

At the *NETCA* Awards ceremony, Francks was nominated independently in the Best Actor category. In accepting the Raw Bone, Toronto Star TV critic, said "one of the great awards shows about performance." In his acceptance speech for the Nellie, Francks



"You vs. the clock!"

Schedules. Appointments. Timetables. It always seems to be you vs. the clock. You have to be fast on your feet to survive these days. But your body could be paying the price.

Pressure could be robbing your body of B vitamins

The heavy demands of life today can quickly use up your body's supply of an essential group of vitamins known as the B complex.

That's because your body can't store B complex like it can most other vitamins. You require a fresh intake as you go. And if you don't get it, you may become tired, impatient and depressed; all key symptoms.

Supposing you eat well

Eating well may help make up the B complex you may be losing—but don't count on it.

You see, because of the way many modern foods are processed, much of the natural B complex is removed before they ever get to the store.

So even if you eat what seems to be a "balanced" diet, you can't be sure of making it up.

Supposing you take multivitamins

Many people take multivitamins. But even these don't necessarily give you the amount or range of B complex your body requires. Now here's a supplement that can...

Introducing new Surbex B Plus

New Surbex B Plus contains all 5 of the important vitamins that make up the B complex, with the addition of Vitamin C

SURBEX®
B PLUS

Multivitamin
B Complex
Vitamin C
Vitamin A
Vitamin B
Vitamin E



The Overwork Pill

We slimmed the size
not the sound.

That's Panasonic for you!

Super Slimline Cassette Recorder RQ-2730. Just 2.9 cm (1 1/4") thin, but plump with such sound features as a cassette that automatically regulates the recording level. A sensitive built-in microphone. Compact Disc, Dutch record play. Locating and connecting a mistake in music is almost as easy. And more.

Buy the sound at your
Panasonic dealer



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time

完全没頭方式は。
異味と熱意の表現です。

"Total Immersion" means business. It means a chance at new profit creating opportunities in markets previously barred by language. Total Immersion can teach you a new language fast. Berlitz® designs the program around proven conversational techniques applied to saturation. In two to six weeks, you could be speaking a new language—and talking business. At Berlitz, more than 100 years experience speaks well for you.

BERLITZ®

Montreal I (514) 388-3311 10th Avenue (514) 874-2000
Montreal II (514) 387-1000 10th Avenue (514) 874-7775
Quebec (514) 377-1611 Toronto I (416) 544-7234
Montreal (514) 384-0579 Toronto II (416) 544-8865
Montreal (514) 384-0579 Toronto III (416) 544-0655

Private and Group courses available. Reservation over Interpretation Services.

All Berlitz courses are conducted in English.

Berlitz® and "Total Immersion" are registered service marks of The Berlitz Schools of Languages
of Canada Inc. Business Movers in Education. Berlitz 1-800-247-0554 1-800-247-0554 1-800-247-0554

said. "When are we going to stop recording a man's folly and start making films about how to survive on this planet?" There was an uncomfortable silence from his peers, gathered there to pay tribute to him and the other winners of the Canadian industry's highest accolades. The Vancouver Sun called the incident "embarrassing." Francis insisted, however, that he is not controversial. "Not at all, except for the close-minded people who consider me because I'm spurned."

He is an ardent, outspoken advocate of an ecologically sound lifestyle. He might possibly be considered a modern-day Don Quixote, and refers to himself as a dreamer. But he admits that it is through the sharing of man's collective dreams that survival on this planet can be assured. It's little surprise then that Francis has enjoyed being host/narrator for the past two years on CBC-TV's ecology-oriented *The Land* series.

Francis was unusual right from the beginning. A child of the Depression, Francis says that he has never known his real mother and father. He was adopted around age 6 by a woman who then married a man who built the family a cabin in British Columbia. Perhaps this experience gave rise to Francis's fascination for people who work with their hands to create a living environment. His adopted parents gave the young Francis "a lot of freedom and love," he recalls. He enjoyed about B.C. hiking and camping, on his own and with friends, living off the land.

His lifelong fascination with the Indian people led to his second adoption. As a grown man he was adopted into a Plains-Cree tribe and named Bear Buffalo. At the same time he was married in an Indian ceremony, his bride, Lili, was named Red Eagle. He and Lili, an actress/dancer from Texas who is part Indian, have spent various periods living on the reservation.

Despite his intermittent pursuance of a show business career, Francis has amassed an impressive list of international credits. He has appeared in over a dozen feature films, including *Power's Rainbow* with Paul Anka. He has starred on Broadway. He has starred in numerous television series, including *Jessica* in the U.S., and has been featured in eight others. He has sung in bars and recorded albums. He has been a stand-up comic along the lines of Lenny Bruce. And the list goes on. Perhaps his young son Francis saw the children of his neighborhood skipping rope and chanting the old rhyme "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are like!" and decided to try them all on for size. □

In the world's largest
Scotch Whisky market,
New Yorkers buy more
Dewar's White Label
than any other brand.

Taste will
tell you why



Dewar's
Scotch Whisky
"White Label"
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.

THE EMPRESS,
VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Whether you fly a
flecked Streamer or enjoy
your salmon in the Empress
dining room, it will be equally
fresh either way. The Empress
hotels in Victoria commands
the paddocks in the grand
old English tradition of
gracious afternoon tea
in the lobby, relax in
the Bengal Room or stroll
through the landscaped
grounds. Open May to October.

THE ALGONQUIN,
ST. ANDREWS,
NEW BRUNSWICK.

If you want to get a line on
a Restigouche Salmon, try a
River Rat in the streams near
The Algonquin Hotel. Escape to
the quiet charm of this
magnificent woods retreat
and enjoy golf, swimming,
tennis or just soaking up the
views of beautiful Passo
magpaddy Bay. It's open from
May to September.

LE CHATEAU MONTEBELLO,
MONTEBELLO, QUEBEC.

We recommend a Blister
Centaur on any of the
35 lakes and streams, most
stocked from our own private
trout hatchery. We have 65,000
acres of golf courses, 100 miles
of ski runs, ride or swim. And
a legendary log-craft Chalet
with all the grace and charm
of a Beaufort retreat.

CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE,
LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA.

A jade-green lake a mile
long in breathtaking country,
it is unforgettable. Chateau
Lake Louise is as splendid as
its surroundings and as
famous as its world-wide
reputation. Ride a gondola to
even greater heights, or ride
the trails on horseback. Or
take the icy mountain streams
for cutthroat with a White
Norfolk. Open May to October.

BANFF SPRINGS,
BANFF, ALBERTA.

A cascade out of Canmore.
At a spot where a thousand
miles of prairies come up
against the most violent and
bountiful mountains you've
ever seen. The views are
unparalleled, the facilities are
unparalleled, and it's open
year-round. You can try for
speckled trout with a number
seven Len Thompson, and
where the Bow River flows
around the 12th green, or in
winter ski some of the best
downhill runs in the country.

LURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Canada. Four thousand miles of the
most incredibly breathtaking scenery in the
world. We know. We're in the best spots.
We're CP Hotels and we're Canadian, with
eighteen great hotels across the country.
We're international too, with hotels in the
Bahamas, Curacao, West Germany, Israel and
now Philadelphia, U.S.A. Hotels in the heart
of major cities for the business traveller and
great resorts for the vacation traveller.

Use the American Express card to make
an Assured Reservation in Canada or inter-

nationally. CP Hotels and American Express
make your best travelling companions.

Call your Travel Agent or
CP Hotels Reserve-A-Room. 1-800-268-9411,
In Toronto, 361-1400.

CP Hotels 

Open 24 hours - American Express is a registered trademark of American Express Company.

26 great places to stay across Canada and Internationally: Banff, Brandon, Calgary (2), Edmonton, Halifax, Lake Louise, Manitoba, Moncton, Montreal, Pittsburgh, Quebec, St. John's, Thunder Bay, Toronto, Tres Rivieres, Victoria, Winnipeg
International: Freeport (3), Nassau, Franklin, Hamburg, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Durban, Philadelphia (opening October 1980)





Mrs. J. D. Royall of Charleston, South Carolina raises fast growing pine as a crop. They compete head on with Canadian forest. While our trees take a lifetime to reach cutting age, none of hers can be harvested in 15 years.

Meet the competition

Mrs. Royall talks like a gentle Sorel O'Hara, but she is one tough competitor for the Canadian forest industry.

In ten years of careful management, Mrs. Royall has developed a productive forest on her 200 acres. Plantings of fast growing pine are rapidly approaching the size when they can be harvested in just 15 years.



To assist forest jobs, Canadian governments, along with the forest industry, are increasingly aware of the need for reforestation for future supplies. One Canadian job in ten depends on our forests.



Profits invested in modernizing and expanding mills help Canada compete in the tough international market.

For our in-depth publication "Growth", write Dept. M2, Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec H3B 2X9.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

There are 400,000 plantation owners like Mrs. Royall in the American Tree Farm System.

Competition from other lands is increasing (softer growing forests in warm climates, early harvesting

Profits that can be invested in growth is important to all Canadians. Pulp and paper products bring in about \$1000 a year in export sales for every family in Canada, more than agriculture, mining or petroleum.

Ontario Scene

Time capsules beneath the Great Lakes

By Shona McKay

The sinking of the *Gasilda* was an ignoble affair. The stately luxury yacht owned by William Harkness of New York state, heir to the Standard Oil fortune, was sailing a leisurely course along the northern shores of Lake Superior. Ignoring the advice of his captain, Harkness refused to pay a local pilot a paltry sum to steer his ship through the



The *Gasilda* (nobody closed the port holes)

uncharted waters. An ignominious fate would have befallen the *Gasilda* should it have run aground on the *McGregor*. What is remarkable is that the 46 metres from *Gasilda*'s bottom near the town of Houghton. Although leaning at an angle that gave the impression of forever drowning in an imaginary wave, the sturdy steel-hulled ship remained sound. Harkness, more pepped than injured, left with his party of guests and took the train home.

Reunited that same summer to supervise the salvage attempt, the *Gasilda*'s owner once more exchewed the advice of local boatmen. The result was pure farce. With a full, mighty heart, the single tugboat Harkness allowed for the operation managed to shift the weight of the great ship. Suddenly, the *Gasilda* took a heavy list to starboard and, to the amazement of the local tarsels who had turned out as they might for a fair, the yacht began to take on water through its lower portholes, which no one had thought to close. Thus was added another contribution to the

IMPORTED



Corbans Sylvaner Riesling

Corbans Sylvaner Riesling is a delicate medium dry white wine with an appealing crisp finish and full fruity flavour.

Produced entirely from carefully selected Sylvaner Riesling grapes harvested at the peak of perfection from our East Coast vineyards, Corbans Sylvaner Riesling has, as tradition dictates, been stand by the cold-controlled fermentation method.



CORBANS

Quality, Colour and Style for over 100 years.

The New Zealand wine experience

In a Grand tradition...



Fine Champagne Cognac V.S.O.P.

Marnier L'apostrophe

The quality is in the signature. *Grand Marnier*

Imported by Mignacca and Sons Ltd. 21 Glenview Street, Toronto (Ontario)

WIDE AREA PAGING

will help keep you in touch with your outside people throughout

SOUTHERN ONTARIO



Most paging systems serve a single community. The expanded Maclean-Hunter Paging Network serves communities from Windsor to Ottawa. Wider coverage makes paging more useful to

more business people. Contact us to learn more. We will arrange a demonstration that will show you how pocket paging will save you time and money.



**MACLEAN-HUNTER
COMMUNICATIONS LTD.**

11 Gresham Drive, Markham, Ontario M3W 1C2 Tel: (416) 249-8495

heat the ships in Hamilton's Condenser Park. The estimated \$7-million cost does nothing to dent Nelson's sense of purpose. "There is a fabulous amount of knowledge contained in these two ships. They should be made available to everyone," he explains. "And to leave the ships where they are presents a problem in security. If technology advances, and we are able to have access to the dry docks, the ships would definitely be destroyed."

Nelson's fears for the safety of the Hamilton and Seaway are not without foundation. Many of the Great Lakes' shipwrecks lying at shallower waters have already been picked clean by souvenir and treasure hunters. In an effort to遏制 sport divers' waste of the valuable historical nature of Ontario's underwater resources, a small group



Jean-Michel Cousteau: "We're treasures here."

called the Ontario Marine Heritage Committee began documenting a virgin wreck discovered off Hug's Island in Georgian Bay in 1990. Each summer that they returned to photograph the undisturbed 18th-century trading ship, they discovered more of the ship was missing. The responsible plunderers, by people who use a certain discretion in having a brass plate displayed above the masthead, Barbara McCollum, a chairwoman of the committee, recognises the difficulty in educating the underwater community: "Every diver knows when he finds something valuable that he doesn't take it, another diver will."

For McCollum and many other divers who pursue the beauty of a Gurd's or a Hamilton or Seaway in Ontario's lake waters, the depiction of a wreck site is also the destruction of an experience that cannot be duplicated. Says McCollum: "When I first saw a wreck underwater, time immediately ceases. There is a mystery and a uniqueness to the moment. There is an element of history that is unacceptable when you consider that people will wash the decks of these ships, that may just limit their lives. You know that they are seeing something that most people will never see. It is a totally moving experience." □

Steve and Diane are private citizens. Steve is a retired naval officer and Diane is a retired teacher. They are a couple of pensioners.

Canada

LOSING TO THE YANKS

Fish, cars, trade, dams... why can't Canada win?

By Robert Lewis

A distinguished diplomat, Horne Wrong, was demanded the credentials for the perfect fellow-Canadian envoy. "I'm not a man, a corporal, a distinguished recruit, even an school secretary—but he would have to be a corporal existence and no one would ever notice that he was not there." The official veterans at External Affairs still are disembodied—on request—but they are there and, these days, they will not rest easy. Surprisingly, the target of their hostility is Canada's supposed closest friend in the whole world—the United States of America. And though they imagine about 1.5 million people on both sides of the border are more than satisfied with their relationship, that, after a somewhat period of co-operation, resistance has plummeted to a five-year low. Canadian Ambassador Peter Rose went public with the matter last week when he warned the Women's National Democratic Club in Washington: "The pendulum has, perhaps imperceptibly, begun to swing in the wrong direction."

Nothing is so with Rose, mindless America negotiates actually complain that their Canadian counterparts see too cheaply by half in the single-minded pursuit of bilateral victories (see box p. 28). For their part, say Canadians with their backs on a sword of oil imports (see chart). For \$5 billion, visitors crossing the peaceful border each year, the manufacturers who generate \$60 billion in raw trade and range investments of \$30 billion, it is business as usual between best customers. But from the vantage point of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and the government, Uncle Sam is walking tall and tough. Concerns about Canada's economic future will become a steady aerie of agonies.

Canada's exports of Alberta oil to U.S. markets, yet an 18-month-old fishing treaty painstakingly negotiated between the two countries, are to head south with export steel,"

baneful in the Atlantic provinces, banishes in the American Bosphorus, Canada vanishes \$1 billion for troubled U.S. fighter jets, yet protectionist senators rear from Congress to threaten imports from Canada. Another irritant emerged last week, two days after *Post* Times editorials last month assured that he had looked in vain for "a special men-

tion to deal with imported steel," all but overlooking the firm's Canadian ownership and leased banking by Ottawa. Noting "unprecedented cross-border funding," a *New York Times* editorial last month assured in no uncertain terms that Carter didn't when it came to Washington ought to replace with the

Canadian east front before it turns into a Mexican-style border."

The isolated dreams verily observes: "Negotiating with the Americans is not an unadulterated pleasure. They are very tough and heavy—and they can make you swallow it." The face midline as he continues: "I would love to square them so that they would answer 'Yeah' but I can't find any solutions in government." The man can be found in Ottawa, a chancier—despite a certain nationalism—that Canada has no surprising power. External Affairs Minister Marc MacCuaig suggested last June in a *Time* interview that "there are likely to be linkages"—retaliation on other fronts—because of the U.S. Senate's failure to ratify the fat treaty. Retaliatory, despite the prospect of cutting off the flow of Quebec hydro exports to northeast states, but also the thought when it is realized that the Pure Quebec government would never co-operate. Similarly, the notion of holding up western gas exports was abandoned because of Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed's anticipated talk. Such chronic federal provincial battles on the Canadian side of the border spot over the negotiating table with Americans. After one typical federal-provincial argument in the midst of a Canada-U.S. session on the northern pipeline in 1973, a U.S. participant observed: "You guys sure make it difficult for us to give you anything." The other problem is lack of leverage. "Looking inside," observes a Maclean's adviser, "governments that we have a Canadian, B, and an E to follow. But once you get to E, we have nothing."



Trudeau and Carter: no use getting into a squabbling contest



Town, Musick and Curtis: MacGregor, no votes in Canada for U.S. legislation

left"—except to get disbarred. As U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Curtis said, "Property is an interview with Martin's." "Linking of major issues would cause us more problems than it could solve. It would be disastrous, and not in the interests of either country, to get into some kind of contest opposing one another."

Hence, Trudeau is left with his fingers but no clear political analogy, that dealing with the Americans is akin to "dealing with an elephant—one not affected by every rut and gash." The stark reality is that blind assurances of "movement" and "improvement" barely conceal an urgent but slow development in Canada-U.S. affairs: the White House in the post-Watergate, post-Vietnam era no longer dares to Congress, especially not a president with such meagre Hill relations as Carter has. Congress, accordingly, steps into the vacuum and, increasingly, Canada-U.S. waters are decided abroad

the parish priest, not the conference table. And for U.S. legislators, especially come election season, there are no votes in Canada.

A classic example is what happened after the two nations signed the Atlantic Coast Fisheries and Boundary Agreements on Feb. 14, 1970. The deal, two years in the making, concurred both sides to "third-party resolutions" of boundary lines in the Gulf of Maine, between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia, whose conflict became of the 200-mile limits set by both countries in 1977. It also sets out quotas in the disputed Georges Bank fishing area that would be reviewed every 10 years by a joint board. Senate debate of the 1970 arms treaty, passage of the Panama Canal part and other pressing matters, relegated the to a one-day hearing last May. Meanwhile, U.S. wallops were forced a strong Washington lobby, where here the ears of Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell and waved Mac-

senates' Ted Kennedy off the fence into opposition. By tradition, senators from states not affected deferred to those with direct associations in return for future consideration. Kennedy moved to break the treaty to three years and reduce Canada's role in joint management of fish quota. Secretary of State Edward Masur failed in an eleventh-hour attempt before adjournment last week to soften Kennedy's stance. Now the treaty is dead, if not for good, at least until after the presidential inauguration in January.

Another reason that Canada was asked to undermine the Senate constitutional right to withhold advice and consent on treaties: "It's two different systems," Curtis observes. "The Canadian government knew that this is one of the weaknesses of our system when it comes to international agreements with another country." For Canadians, this provokes fits. "It's particularly galling as have to negotiate with entities that—once with the appointed representatives and again in Congress." But what really galls, as a government official puts it, is that "American officials are brought up with the total conviction that the Constitution comes right after the Ten Commandments. They think if you know the name, how they're going to act and said, 'That was just a legend, pal. Don't you know the president's signature means nothing?'

Divergent approaches to fish illustrate a gulf that is wider than any at sea. External MacGregor labels the treaty "the most serious bilateral issue we have with any country." Rhode Island's Pell dismisses it as "a regional

fishing problem." In fact, the dispute is only part of the larger, unresolved question of boundary disputes off the West Coast and in the Beaufort Sea. For many Americans, it's as if the border doesn't exist at all.

A firm line is drawn, however, when it comes to trade among friends. Although 80 per cent of Canada's exports to the U.S. are duty-free under the Intergovernmental Agreement, hidden non-tariff barriers on both sides threaten national preferences. Since 1983, the U.S. Buy American act has allowed the government's domestic suppliers to cope in above bids from foreign firms. At least 36 states offer similar preferences. The Surface Transportation Assistance Act of 1978 is particularly damaging to Canadian contractors and transport firms. It provides a 10-per-cent preference to in-state truckers operating in 50-state-cum-American and the monopoly it does in the U.S. As a result, Bombardier Ltd. of Montreal is now considering sites in four southeastern states for a plant to build rail cars for



'Pre-build' planes under construction; Fonda's MacGregor believes U.S. firms need more overall market opportunities



Change and far-flung frontiers

Or consider steel. Under any president and any other, the United States is seen going to become serious about re-industrialization—that jingoistic phrase for nurturing the nation's strength, power and economy. To regain a competitive edge, characterize protective barriers will have to be erected. How will that impact on Canada itself?

This is ominous handwriting. What people knowledgeable Americans is why Canada has failed to read it. "You can't plan for the '80s by studying the past," says Ronald MacGregor, a Washington-based consultant and former deputy of the U.S. special trade representative's office. "There's no thinking being done up there on industrial policy, on how to restructure the economy for the '80s."

MacGregor's message is brutally simple: the rules of international trade are changing swiftly and competitiveness is growing more intense. Unless Canada can plot and implement a realistic

strategy, it is in a race of being left behind. The word MacGregor—and others—used is "panic."

Americans officials are mystified, uncertain of what they perceive as a Canadian "obsession" or "irrational" or ill-tempered suspicion. When Canada's critical need is for capital formation to exploit the vast potential of its mineral and energy resources, the drum roll out of Ottawa is beating definitely about tougher guidelines for foreign investment, apparently designed to discourage the most ardent critics.

"Canada's obsession to be seen to have equalled or beaten the Americans," as one learned student of the game put it, does nothing to improve the diplomatic climate.

The urgent question, U.S. observers say, is not how many seafaring Nova Scotians should be allowed to drown from American waters. Rather, it is how Canada can reduce its dependence on America's economic health and

New Jersey transit—a move that not only enables the firm to qualify for preference, but also to create 200 jobs in the States instead of Canada.

Canadian producers have created unofficial barriers to foreign contracts with an unstated 30-per-cent preference, to say nothing about the inhibitions to movement of goods within the country. But there is no federal Buy Canadian law. And in Canadian eyes, the 217-page U.S. trade bill (1980) is another restriction. Section 301 mandates the president to act if foreign laws are

harmful to export markets. Americans see successive Canadian governments wasting precious opportunity. The sorry record of the nation's labor relations has apparently discouraged Japanese investment. And the diplomatic string of Canada's exports to China has never quite suggested trade dividends. ("The Chinese surprised us never," said that sharp, young MacGregor.) Sympathetically, even Canadian entrepreneurs are riding their dollar elsewhere.

It is early to prepare for the funeral. As the world's economy emerges from the personal debt, amortized investment—not only Americans, but Germans, Belgians, Dutch, the very diversity Canada needs—will be looking to exploit Canadian resources. The groundwork for such invasions must be constructed soon. U.S. influence, say or Canada, will have squandered another opportunity. And that, they sincerely believe, would be a national tragedy.

Michael Fawcett

The gloomy view from Capitol Hill

Contemporary Americans often feel that Canadians enter negotiations with a chip on their shoulders.... Canadians complain that the U.S. is more discerning of Canada than it is of Europe or Japan. That position will not be very attractive.... Canada must decide what it wants—and soon.... Canada must get its act together.

Those well-timed remarks came from the ranks of those new Americans—some in government, some in business—who know the nation to the north as well as the home of Guy Lafleur. Their skills and experience have been developed at bargaining tables around the world, and their understanding is tested these days by a peculiar sadness. Beyond the easy rhetoric of regret that most Canada-U.S. relations have not been better managed, less knowledge of a distinctly weaker sort—

that Canadians are prepared to

The specifics are almost painful. Consider the auto industry, bureaucrats crying in the wilderness. Before the deals in car, many American analysts believe, the Ford operation will be merged and Chrysler will belong to the lottery ticket. Their satellite suggestion in Windsor and Guelph will be grant transfers. GM—the only American manufacturer positioned to survive—will flee to Mexico, where labor is

Malone; U.S. Congress, 'this obsession'



more than 20 per cent less than in the U.S. The auto industry, which has been

the backbone of the Canadian economy, is in decline. The auto industry, which has been



'Pre-build' planes under construction; Fonda's MacGregor believes U.S. firms need more overall market opportunities

hindered its export markets. Americans see successive Canadian governments wasting precious opportunity. The sorry record of the nation's labor relations has apparently discouraged Japanese investment. And the diplomatic string of Canada's exports to China has never quite suggested trade dividends. ("The Chinese surprised us never," said that sharp, young MacGregor.) Sympathetically, even Canadian entrepreneurs are riding their dollar elsewhere.

It is early to prepare for the funeral.

judged "unjustifiable, unnecessary or discriminatory" in terms of American industry. Congress forced the 305 government onto the books because it felt the White House wasn't tough enough during the Tokyo Round trade negotiations in 1971-73. The provision is aimed primarily at Japanese and European products imports and disciplines. But Rep. Rodney Grey, Canada's finance critic, says, "These United States measures affect more of Canada more vigorously than they do us others." In

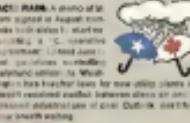
less genteel parlance, a Canadian diplomat answers: "We're the ones that get screwed every time."

Not since December 1973 have such harsh words been said. Then it was the Americans who were miffed, and departing U.S. Ambassador William Porter warned a selected group of Ottawa reporters that Americans were beginning to think of Canada as "no longer a friendly ally, or even a friendly country that could be trusted."

Optimistic ups and downs have been a

feature of Canada-U.S. relations since the last war. Mackenzie King's close ties with the Rockefellers and C.D. Howe's embrace of U.S. investors launched Canada as the road to economic prosperity—and branch plants in later years. John Kennedy hit out with John Diefenbaker over Cuba and matched him, but the U.S. president had a different view of Lester Pearson. After the first meeting, Pearson told a Pearson aide: "He'll do." Pearson and Lyndon Johnson hit it off at the 1968

The Top Ten Canadian Concerns



1. AUTO TRADE: A number of auto parts and equipment imports have been imposed to protect Canadian auto makers. A U.S. committee is investigating the Canadian auto industry's import policies. At Washington, the Canadian flag flies from the U.S. embassy, but U.S. officials insist that Ottawa must make more imports available to Canadian auto makers.

2. AUTO TRADE:

Imports exclusively from the U.S. for parts in Canadian cars last year were \$6.5 billion, up 20 per cent, and policy experts say imports are likely to rise further.

Trade and development

3. FOREIGN OWNERSHIP: Ottawa proposes to limit the Foreign Investment Review Act (FIRA) to investments in Canadian companies and helping Canadian firms expand.

Opponents say the review act will not offend Ottawa in part because it is a U.S.-controlled policy changes will not help.

4. FOREIGN OWNERSHIP:

Canada proposes to limit the Foreign Investment Review Act (FIRA) to investments in Canadian companies and helping Canadian firms expand.

Opponents say the review act will not offend Ottawa in part because it is a U.S.-controlled policy changes will not help.

5. TRADE BARRIERS: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's trade policies in more ways than one are creating problems for U.S. companies. The new laws, however, are not the only ones to blame. The Canadian government's trade policies in America are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

U.S. companies are not the only ones to blame.

time, the committee report will likely be passed by Parliament early next year. It will then be addressed to London (see story on page 48) regardless of a Supreme Court battle, according to a leaked government planning memo. The new Trudeau advisers feel confident that Britain would have voted to reject a joint resolution of the Canadian Parliament, despite complaints from the premiers. If the British balked, and one over-enthusiastic member of the Trudeau cabinet last week, "We'd declare our independence even faster than they did in Zimbabwe." □

The 'meek' may inherit the earth

Whatever the outcome of negotiations this week between the government and its striking clerks, for thousands of years to come, the picket lines—and thousands of citizens who stayed home—will never be quite the same. Seventy per cent of the clerks are women, many are young and many are single parents earning an average \$12,800 a year. Nothing in their life or their experience has encouraged them to assert themselves and, for most, the strike is their first taste of collective action. Says 25-year-old Gailene Green, a mid-level clerk from Ottawa: "I've never been involved in a strike before. In fact I heard one strike was dying. But how can you say that? A group this large isn't going to be intimidated."

In many ways it has been a classic confrontation between Norma Rae and Ebenezer Scrooge, with the Seneca role falling to the affable Don Johnstone, president of the treasury board. For Johnstone—a tax lawyer from Montreal involved in his first-ever union negotiations—the experience has been surreal too. "I'm not anti-union," he says, and remains stern based on the fact that he represents the pushy Montreal riding of Saint-Henri-Westmount. Was Pierre Trudeau's personal lawyer and is considered one of cabinet's fiscal conservatives. Born of a small farm outside Ottawa, Johnstone says he has worked as a labourer and a fruit-picker, that he has known hardship. But while he sympathizes to some extent with the clerks, the parliamentary leader in the House of Commons, who's been unable to understand why he'd let go. As an uncharred artifact for the Liberal leadership, he is more than a pin-rat resting on the outcome of this week's negotiations.

Last week another ambitious actor entered the drama: the person of Dennis McDermott, the smooth-talking dandy who heads the powerful Canadian Labour Congress. McDermott—



RONALD COHEN



Stewart Cohen and clerks tying up Ottawa: Norma Rae versus Ebenezer Scrooge



Johnstone, and Quebec City strike leader Roland Bellemire vs. cops: he has known hardship

who volunteered his services as a press minister—planned to closet himself in negotiations with Johnstone early this week.

The clerks are on the offensive position of being the battleground upon which a classic economic war is being fought. Johnstone and his right-leaning cohorts are neither convinced that heading to the clerks' demands—particularly for a COLA (cost-of-living allowance) clause—would open the flood-

gates. Brawny would be chomping for what the pretties already have and for what the clerks want. The wags, meanwhile, the Public Service Association of Canada (PSAC) and its leader Andy Stewart, caught off guard earlier in negotiations by the surprising militancy of the normally meek clerks, are at pains to reassess their marching orders. That's in a mauling thirties bus last week of a mass walkout of 180,000 other unionized government workers—and

gates. Brawny would be chomping for what the pretties already have and for what the clerks want. The wags, meanwhile, the Public Service Association of Canada (PSAC) and its leader Andy Stewart, caught off guard earlier in negotiations by the surprising militancy of the normally meek clerks, are at pains to reassess their marching orders. That's in a mauling thirties bus last week of a mass walkout of 180,000 other unionized government workers—and

scattered action by postal workers and others beginning this week.

Meanwhile, the public is facing increasing inconvenience—everything from delays in getting a passport, to hold-ups in customs clearance, to flattened disruptions in road and air services. Generally, unions rather than the house heat the brain of public opinion—Skepticism over public opinion is against the clerks—against public servants generally—and while he admits that might be unfair, it can only strengthen the government's hand.

Besides that, not all clerks are Norma Rae. A seriously anti-extortion 3,000 out of 42,000-odd clerks line up last week. Others would like to accept the government's latest offer—a two-year contract with an existing \$1,200 lump-sum bonus. PSAC's Johnstone admits gleefully that the longer the strike goes on the more temperate his members will become—financially and emotionally. "They realize we're out," he says in response to the \$1,500 offer. "They think, well, we're dealing with poor people, we'll offer them a big bonus before Christmas, they're just kiddies—they're going to jump at it!"

Stewart Riley

Vancouver

Next week: who gets J.D.'s dough?

The pendulum swinging in Vancouver's new northhouse could have been a shank of Deedes with intercept from Paisley in *Needing You*. What scrupulous could beat a cast of characters that includes a pug-irritated boy who dies on the road to repentence, a seductive older woman who wants a share of the family loot, a father and mother who have spent nearly half the fortune left them by a pinhead who established a chain of successful department stores across the West, and two jet-setting sisters, one of whom appears in October's *Playboy*—although fully-dressed, as befits a cisheterosexual princess? This self-titled spectacle opened on the estate (estimated by one source at \$10 million) of deceased Army and Navy Department store heir Jeff Deedes (Colin Firth), whose drug-distracted body was found on Oct. 17, 1978, in a room of his own downstairs. In the lead, Cohen's death at 46, followed by his friend's death, and later his famous Post Grey horse, and they talked largely about business and the future. A friend says he was told that Jeffery had not been alert in years, and repeated that Cohen had written a reverent poem to his parents thanking them and going forthres for the good he had caused.

But addendum had to be heard, and deejays at the trial suggested that Cohen may have tried to alias the narcotics program. "When you are dealing with people who are addicted, you expect them to stuff it along the course of the treatment," said Alan Connolly, a narcotics expert testifying on behalf of the family. Yet Cohen, the stammering son I was forced by his grandfather Stan J

Cohen, founder of Army and Navy, as having the most promise to take over the business but, although he was a corporate vice-president and director, he found himself life boring. More exciting was a Myslitz he led to his home friend's shop on charges for possession of heroin and coke. He was once fined \$1,000 on a basketful of traffic charges and another \$50 after he smashed the window of a downtown office. At the time he was on \$25,000 bail, awaiting trial on a charge of cocaine trafficking. Once he and a friend, who was driving a Ferrari, led police on a nearly 12-km chase through downtown Vancouver until they hit a speed car, causing \$8,000 damage. He lost a \$30,000 boat as well as Jersey and Longbeach cars in gambling debts, and although he had an annual income of \$100,000-plus, he had to borrow from friends, including Krausman, to pay his expenses. His antics provoked friendly columnists Doug Coffey to ask rhetorically how difficult it was to be rich. Finally, in September, 1977, a self-admitted addict, Cohen had himself admitted to a Pasadena, Calif., hospital and went on a withdrawal program using the heroin-substitute, Demerol.

Despite his problems, Cohen had a way of endearing himself. "He was a bright, pleasant boy," says Thomas Mayson, an Edmonds lawyer who dealt with the Cohen family business over the years. "He fitted in well with square types like myself." Although Cohen lived high himself, he was apologetic at his parents' deteriorating financial state due to their extravagance, which left them with substantially less than the \$1.5 million they had inherited. Indeed, the family's meeting Cohen's request to disinherit him from his will the traditional words, "In the manner so which they have become accustomed," an evidence that he was capable of a sound judgment despite his addictions. Cohen is portrayed as a dutiful son trying to get over his drug problems, who wanted to keep his family in comfort. The night before his death, Cohen had dined with his family at their fashionable Post Grey house, and they talked largely about business and the future. A friend says he was told that Jeffery had not been alert in years, and repeated that Cohen had written a reverent poem to his parents thanking them and going forthres for the good he had caused.

But addendum had to be heard, and deejays at the trial suggested that Cohen may have tried to alias the narcotics program. "When you are dealing with people who are addicted, you expect them to stuff it along the course of the treatment," said Alan Connolly, a narcotics expert testifying on behalf of the family. Yet Cohen, the stammering son I was forced by his grandfather Stan J

McLennan 8/OCTOBER 13, 1980

Calgary

Why shoot the teacher

It was back-to-school time in Calgary last week, four weeks later than the rest of the country, and short four times more chaotic. For an 82,800 public-school students returned to their classrooms across kindergarten to Grade 13. It was both the last day and the first day. The city's 4,800 full- and part-time teachers walked off the job May 21, leaving stu-



Calgary high schoolers back to the books (above), protesting parent David White (below left), and public schoolers with last year's grades: double handicap

dents in the dark about whether they had passed or failed. So the first order of business when the teachers were finally ordered back to work was to return the tests to the desks they left last spring and sort out the year's grades. The grading, translating and massing of textbooks for the new school year took up the entire week. But at least things were under way again and students, based on their extended holiday, seemed pleased to be back. Teachers were more ambivalent. Some negotiated and returned their statutorily obtained winter months, others were more evenly received by their former bosses.

The Calgary strike, 91 short of a Canadian record,* for the 125-day walkout—the classroom days—was the longest in Alberta's history, beating the previous record set in the fall of 1962 when about 90 Vegreville teachers remained out of the classroom for 33 school days. The province moved in and forced this settlement by invoking an emergency section of the Labour Act after the teachers had rejected other proposals in six separate votes, cast by only seven votes. The main issue, for teachers, was their demand for more preparation time, and that remains unmet. Negotiations are beginning and, if an answer isn't found by Feb. 28, Labour



turns on a petition to the government and see drew 360 to a rally. The extent of their frustration was apparent when a committee member suggested having a teacher a day off the top of a downtown highrise until the teachers signed an agreement.

Hardest hit students were those in Grade 12 who were graded last spring on their incomplete year. Students who had

started out badly, and counted on picking up marks for university entrance in their final exams, were left with lower averages than they hoped for. Others who had planned to pick up remedial college entrance courses at summer school found themselves struggling with remedial 10-5-graduate holes in 1991. Teachers' salaries now range from \$15,000 to \$102,000, up from \$10,645 to \$34,596 in 1982. A majority of parents remained allied from the teacher-led board struggle. The exception was the Back to School Action Committee formed in July to get the schools open. Starting with 12 parents, the group grew to 380, collected 30,000 signatures

and got the school board to agree to open Sept. 1. The group's president, David White, says the strike has been a learning experience for many parents. "We have to be more involved in our schools," he says. "We have to be more involved in our schools." Some parents called their supporters those in society schools and others, who over outraged in B.C. and could therefore claim residency, enabled their kids in at private schools. School athletes face curtailed sports schedules—nearly half the usual number of football teams will see action this season.

Children with learning disabilities suffered a double handicap thanks to the strike. Cathie Lang, whose 11-year-old boy has a learning disability, says that such children need an aversive, repetitive routine in order to learn. If the pattern is broken, the child regresses. Lang saw it happen to her son during the strike and when she reported him to school last week, "one of the teachers pointed out another boy who had sat with his head down on his desk all morning. She said he'd give eight inch." Calgary's special-class school, Dr. Carl Barlow, plans diagnostic tests since the students have settled back to school to see how badly they have slipped over the summer. But some parents are now demanding that special-education teachers be forbidden to strike.

How to make up the lost time hasn't

been decided. Education Minister Dave King says longer school days over a short period of time, extension of the school year, pilot June and curriculum changes are all under consideration. In the meantime, teachers faced with ungrading the tests the strike made might briefly have considered leaping off the highrise from which some parents had wanted to test them.

—Suzanne Zierman

*The Canadian Teachers' Federation counts as Canada's longest teacher contract the 105-day strike in Sudbury, Ont., earlier this year.



Rum that reflects your good taste.



personal beliefs wouldn't rate a royal nod. "Anarchy should be a joyous thing. Vandals are poetic," sang the Snacks, interpreting Fox's politics in his own words. "I think human beings are incredibly talented, but they're so dull. If they talked about how they're misinformed, there really would be a revolution." No comment from Fox on his namesake record, but Snack asserts "We're serious."

"I want of the provincial premieres to get their way, the result would have a fractious, unmanageable, bickering group of 16 states, which is more than the interests of Canada could ever imagine, and far less than is required to preserve a nation," he quipped. Edmonton publisher

Fox: "Anarchy should be a joyous thing"

Whenever Lindsay Wagner west of while working on the \$10-million adventure film *High Risk*, hoards of fans followed in search of "La Mayor Barbara." In real life, Wagner hasn't played the role of Jane Somers since 1974's *Death Woman* for more than two years, but in Mexico the series is a cult hit. "It's mainly the children who remember you," says 34-year-old Wagner, who found the autograph hounds charming until she learned that most of them didn't own television sets.

In *Remainder*, Ellen Burstyn plays a severe healer and it seems to have gone to her hands. She claims that after studying the healing process she can now do it, although she has limits. "I can occasionally take away a headache," she says. "But I was told I really wanted to develop the power I would have to give up being an actress."

Margaret Trudeau may be noted for her penchant for telling off, but the same could never be said for her estranged husband, Pierre. "I was gone for more than 30 years," he adds the fact that he was once in a fling only serves to illustrate his point. "She kept it a secret all through the courtship and marriage. Margaret only found out when someone told her after they were separated," says Ottawa col-

league Wagner (above). *MacDonald, 50, says he's been working 3 to 4 hours a day to complete his thesis to earn his Ph.D.*

unist Richard Geyra, who pieces together the romantic interlude in his upcoming Trudeau study. The Northern Man, Geyra says Trudeau was engaged for about six months in the late 1960s to an RCMP constable he identifies only as Thibout, who is now married and teaching at a Montreal university. "The prime minister is the only one who has declined to be interviewed for the book."

It's getting difficult to be a public figure in Britain these days because chances are that if you do something public a punk rock group will make you a song. At the tiny footrest of what has been dubbed "the punk galloping" was the *McDonalds*, whose line is "Love, War, Virginity." Thatcher was a recent fan. Now, after their most recent tour, a 20-year-old McDonalds is the quietest member. He's set to release the words of actor Edward Fox, who found responsibility in the BBC series *Edward and Mrs. Smithson*, though his

and hon. vibrant nationalist Mai Horing, 48, when he had an honorary degree of doctor of laws conferred on him by York University Chancellor John Roberts and Vice-Chancellor H. Mac Macdonald.

"This honor is unexpected and, as trite as it sounds, I really feel humbled," admitted Horing, who has used podium time to argue eloquently for national unity, self-confidence and a restructuring of oil pricing and development. "I am great dreams in this country in the next few months," Horing says he has thought about running for prime minister, but he couldn't bear to leave Edmonton.

One thing Salvador has that never been in publicity-style, is when he disappeared from the public eye three months ago after his psychiatrist died in his wills, relatives refused to reveal that the cause of Salvador's disappearance was his severe health problems. "All I know," says Dali, 56, who is half-English but half-Spanish, "is that he had a heart attack and he died." The words of actor Edward Fox, who found responsibility in the BBC series *Edward and Mrs. Smithson*, though his

only physical change in Dali is that his famous curled moustache has turned white. Dali says he will continue to paint and plans to finish a tragic play he has been working on for eight years. Although the Spanish tax man is rumored to be interested in some assets he keeps forgetting to declare, Dali's chief anxiety is immortality. "He admits to a fear of death, but adds, "I hope that if someday I do something which perhaps will never happen—the people in the cells of Foyers [his home town], will say, 'Dali has died, but not totally.'"

Ever since very popular Mayor Jeanne Sauvé quit the job in 1987, the Winnipeg civic scene has been short of exciting as a dead goldfish. Present Mayor Bill North, a corporation lawyer,

has since lost his popularity. Mayor Sauvé, 46, quit the job in 1987, the Winnipeg civic scene has been short of exciting as a dead goldfish. Present Mayor Bill North, a corporation lawyer, Poet's Corner, but Canada's lone representative, Governor-General's Award-winner Dennis Lee, says it's more Broadway than substance. Punk rockers, reggae and beat poets could well

Dali with Goya's portrait (left) and Monk (right), inside a violin and Rosalie (far-right) in the shower

44 rock it rock it rock jazz from the

heights of Europe," says violinist

John Mills, describing his first solo album, *Called For*. Exchange, it is a departure from the rock he usually plays with the Toronto-based band *PM* to modern interpretations of ethnic music from all over Canada.

Mills, 26, who plays



Golden: on the wrong side of the tracks

in low key and generally viewed as a "rock god." With an election due Oct. 28, some sparkle has been added—partially from the diamond-fragged fingers of Al Golden, a 23-year-old Jude protégé who grew up on the wrong side of the tracks and ended up a millionaire via tracking and real estate. "I met Mayor Dali when I used to live in his basement at city hall," reveals Golden. "That was my surrogate father. I was his Ayatollah." Joe-working Alida is delighted by Golden's attacks on the city hall establishment. If elected, Golden says he'll devote his mayor's salary to the Big Brothers, sell all his property and live on the interest. He also hopes to eat

lives by persuading the able-bodied on welfare to assert themselves. "Mayor Morris is the king of the establishment and I'm a servant of the people," cross Golden. As the election nears, Winnipegers are hot learning that silence may be golden—but Golden is rarely silent.

And with basis of *Rawhide* (Cartwright and *Amelia Earhart*, the movement for a worldwide Poetry Olympics was launched in London, England, last month. Nine literati from around the world gathered in Westminster Abbey's Poet's Corner, but Canada's lone representative, Governor-General's Award-winner Dennis Lee, says it's more Broadway than substance. Punk rockers, reggae and beat poets could well

Ever since very popular Mayor Jeanne Sauvé quit the job in 1987, the Winnipeg civic scene has been short of exciting as a dead goldfish. Present Mayor Bill North, a corporation lawyer, Poet's Corner, but Canada's lone representative, Governor-General's Award-winner Dennis Lee, says it's more Broadway than substance. Punk rockers, reggae and beat poets could well

Officials at the manufacturer, McDonnell Douglas, refuse to discuss the potential segment in the U.S. of a cutback or cancellations of the Canadair deal. One person who has never been afraid to talk about the P-18 is outspoken conservative Bruce Waddell, whose investigators say the public won't know anything until Nov. 6, two days after the U.S. election. They say that since President Jimmy Carter is already under Republican fire for letting military needs slip, there is no way he'd cancel any weapon system before the election is over.

44 rock it rock it rock jazz from the heights of Europe," says violinist John Mills, describing his first solo album, *Called For*. Exchange, it is a departure from the rock he usually plays with the Toronto-based band *PM* to modern interpretations of ethnic music from all over Canada.

Mills, 26, who plays

a stripped-down electric violin, its interior decorated with beach beauties and miniature cows, just the record together with a little help from the Canadian Coast Guard's band of folkie elbow-stylers. "I guess it's the kind of music you come on in when you wake up in the morning, sleep with a radio under your pillow and hear your father singing *Rosalie* folk-song in the shower."

US Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger had his hands full last week. Not only did he have to deal with emergency U.S. defense plans related to the ongoing Iraq-Iran war, but he was also faced with fire reports on the problematic F-18 fighter plane. Ottawa has ordered 35 F-18s and, at the expected cost of \$1 billion, Canada will be basing its defense strategy for the next 20 years on these F-18s. Though first reports on the review are not yet out, the aircraft is known to have sonic design, cost and performance problems—leaving Brown the decision as whether to scrap, cut back or carry on.

Edited by Markie Beaton

Rolling with the last con

By Hal Quinn

In this glittering facade of a city, Las Vegas, where trees are suspended and reality banished, Muhammad Ali apparently staged his last barroom. He had said, "The first miracle is that I lost all that weight." Ali was 264 to 6 months ago when he decided to come out of retirement, again. 217½ lb at last week's weigh-in. "The last miracle is that I still beat Larry Holmes." A man losing weight is hardly remarkable. The real miracle was that anyone believed in the second.

A legitimate hero since he was the light-heavyweight gold medalist in the 1960 Olympics as Cassius Clay, Ali went on to live up to all his boasts, all his predictions and his claim to being "the most famous man in the world. The greatest." After winning back his title as an unopposed third time against Leon Spinks in 1978, Ali retired. He said that he wanted to set an example. "I don't want to be like Archie Moore, Joe Louis, fighting when they're old; over the hill. I want to be an example to the black people of America in the world, that a black man can go out a champion, leave boxing with his money and his body intact." Last week Ali's millions of fans watched that, of all his promises, he had kept just that one.



To call it a bonyweight championship fight would be like saying that Las Vegas represents the zenith of Western civilization. To call it a fight would only be an attempt to measure those who paid \$300 each to sit in ringside or an asphalt parking lot outside Caesars Palace. It was a massive come-on from the moment Ali announced that he, father of eight, at 38, would reduce his blithely man to bones. "It's the last one to ever be a four-time champion." That last week's charrue attracted the largest 100 gate in boxing history (\$4.7 million) is



As fast as cover-up may dig, taking back from a punch. Holmes' gold chain and medallions around his neck

when we're standing unable to get to or find their seats, chanted "Ali, Ali" and cheered as the former champ entered the ring. His hair, the grey fleed out before the fight, glinted and he shuffled briefly. The undefeated Larry Holmes arrived almost 15 minutes later, a tactic once employed by his hero, now apparent. Ali feigned strength to get to Holmes through the rock of would-be knockouts through a tactic devised by George Foreman, an expert, after whom Ali's shield is named. Holmes hopped Ali out of the fast-race box and the fighters load every minute. "Man, they gonna see it, they gonna battle," announced one paid chorus and medallions around his neck competing with the stars in his eyes glinted by a \$10,000 bet on Ali.

But they weren't going to see it. Ringers accosted Ali's padadas in the fight, compared with 17 en-target Holmes jabs in one round. Ali grasped his right arm to fend the "Ali" chant that had had the stands in Las Vegas in 1970, when he regained the title from George Foreman. The chant came but died quickly as Holmes burst from his corner and pinned Ali on the ropes in

the first round. The chant was replaced by an eerie silence that enveloped the stadium after the sixth, when it was replaced by the sound of thousands of feet rushing to the ring.

Ali and his trainer, Angelo Dundee, had been confident that Holmes would tire around the tenth. Ali had reluctantly assumed "Ali's behind will be more by now," but perhaps only for one last rhyme. They felt Holmes would punch himself out, partly because he had gained 15 pounds since he last fought, but perhaps only because he had knocked out 26 of his 32 opponents. And now the old bag of tricks was pulled once again. Ali started to roll back on the ropes absorbing punches, repeats of reverting blood to his urine and suspicions of previous brain damage echoing only in the minds of those who had not planned him.

"You have sparring with guys the same size as the French (Holmes), but 60 lb lighter. They fast, and I'm going to be too fast for Holmes." The only speed Ali displayed was the quickness of his retort to three gunshots. He held his hands in front of his face, playing peekaboo, and dally staggered forward, he waved Holmes in to punch him on the ropes, he stood with his hands at his waist shaking his head away from jab, and, holding the rope in

one hand, jolted off Holmes with the other. Holmes fell into Ali, too, sprawling back and wiggling his hips after falling at a notorious Ali in the fifth. At the end of the ninth, the silence was broken by a chorus of boos for Ali after he had offered one good left the entire round.

He spoke who had seen the original shuffle, the one of artistry and purpose that devastated 56 opponents and rendered 37 unconscious. It was a time when to spurn only for those who had spurned the spurner, "Roundabout," "Roundabout," "Roundabout," "Roundabout." For those who had survived Ali's shuffles, respected his勇lessness, admired and envied his audacious, bold, fearless and bold, his charisma and universal popularity, it was a time for looking away.

Holmes ran out on the ropes recognizing fight fans' thrill at the sight of sweat glistening across the canvas, knowing that it came from Ali's gloves striking short. He counter-punched the rare Ali overreaches and his hand rights and apparently landed. The bag was empty. The only trick that worked was the one that filled the stadium and the closed-circuit outlets.

Angelo Dundee endured the tenth round on the ropes behind Ali's corner. He supported his head with his hand

and, not heard above the wild noise at ringside, mouthed "Next round." Ali was to his right, against the ropes. The hands earlier held tauntingly at the hips were now not held high enough even to proclaim. It ended with Ali in Dundee's left, on the ropes. Ali slumped on his stool and his handlers jumped to the ring. Dundee wanted it stopped. Dundee, whom Ali had tossed to the floor in a brutal confrontation in a hotel room, was in the week wanted the rounds to continue and tried to move Ali back into the ring. Pat Patterson, one of Ali's handlers, had advised Ali to name his fighters "Muhammad Ali," not "Muhammad Ali," his artful deflections.

The crowd had been here for the last round. It came weakly in the teeth, with Ali passed "defeatous" on the ropes. But the millions watching and the \$10,000 bettors dreamed that "Ali's just sucking his air," that there was going to be another miracle. "You the only ones to get punched out," Larry Holmes told the media after the fight. "He faded you all again." Ali took home \$8 million before Holmes about half that. Holmes remained the World Boxing Council Heavyweight Champion. Mike Weaver the chairman of the World Boxing Association. But who would care? Last week the world lost another hero. □

**NEW
PLAYER'S
EXTRA LIGHT**

**ENJOY THE TASTE OF PLAYER'S
IN AN EXTRA LIGHT CIGARETTE.**

Player's
Extra Light

25

A devious game in the Gulf



By Claudia Wright

The Iraqi diplomat was no good to me in the unfamiliar surroundings of a Washington newsroom, far from his comfortable roundabout of Kuwait and Abu Dhabi. He spent the week telling the effete *Times* as it clattered out communiqués from the Armed Forces General Command in Baghdad, retelling them, and staffing them in envelopes for American correspondents. Now, beneath a ferocious American eagle breathing with stars and arrows, he was scatric: "How would you like to be killed in hell?" he grinned to another diplomat. "I don't let on profits," was the rejoinder. "But do you want to kill the only man left in Tehran who can negotiate with you? Khomeini's successors will be worse."

Baghdad's management of the ayatollah's demise turned out to be the safest, and there were other signs last week that the Iraqis may have made several of their bets successfully. Apart from a protracted counterinsurgency war with the Kurds in the 1980s and early 1990s, the country's forces have had little combat experience. In 1987, four dozen over-armed aircraft fought in the Six-Day War with Israel and at least a dozen were shot down. In the October War of 1973, the Iraqi-led Arabesque Division fell into an Israeli ambush after slogging for the night below the Golan Heights. A Syrian commander said that the Iraqi must have stopped for after-dinner tea and thus died it was too close to dinner to start up again.

In the campaign against Iran, Iraq has substantially improved co-ordination between its air and ground offen-



On Saturday an Iraqi diplomat in Tehran was interrogating (top), and took his papers to the US embassy in Tehran, showing off their strength.

The irony of the situation is that if Iraq aims to create the conditions for an Iranian army coup against Khomeini, then the Americans, who have harboured the same hope ever since the 1979 revolution, should play as central as they have done to themselves. Instead, President Jimmy Carter has publicly offered to recapture the Iranian oil, and the men at the Pentagon, who were embarrassed by the failure of the hostage rescue mission, have been busy.

Robert Kotick, the undersecretary of defense for policy—formerly the official in charge of pacification in Vietnam—left to Carter on Sept. 28 to supervise preparations for an exercise involving several hundred American troops and aircraft. General David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, took off on Sept. 13 for a trip that included Spain, France, West Germany, Italy, Saudi Arabia and Oman. After he had left Madrid, Spain denied that U.S. aircraft "have been using Spanish air bases in order to supply parts for the Iranian Air Force." The warning left open the possibility that thus might occur in the future.

The Germans were asked by Jones for a share of naval elaboration around the Straits of Hormuz. But the Suharto government, which bowed to Iranian pressure early in the year and sent a naval squadron on a cruise around the Indian Ocean, this time said German forces could not be used. Instead, the Fraser administration in

Australia, also up for re-election, is召集ing a referendum.

By the time Jones reached Saudi Arabia on Sept. 25, an orchestrated press campaign in Washington began to convey the impression the Saudis were losing their confidence in Iraq's ability to protect them from the ayatollah and were turning to the U.S. At the Pentagon, Jones's aide, Col. Mike Wheeler, confirmed that the general had discussed the idea of sending several radar surveillance aircraft (AWACS) to the Saudi base at Dhahran. However, asked so why the Saudis insisted the request and, if so, where, Saudi U.S. officials would not comment.

Whatever was to happen, the American move is odd. It should be easier to take Carter's offer—the only help from the outside world that experts would hardly regard as likely to attack the Saudi oilfields in a short-long than 250 km—that a sneak attack could probably get through.

On the other hand, Carter does need to demonstrate to his electorate that he can do something in the crisis, and he is obliged by the law to seek advance congressional approval for a deployment of American forces in a combat zone. So the AWACS mission may be intended to divert attention from other moves, while it helps to prepare public opinion for a naval show of force to escort a civilian tanker captain through the Straits of Hormuz to oil-loading points from Oman to Bahrain.

What else could the president have up his sleeve? On the west side, the Pentagon may be planning to re-supply Iran through Turkey, while the dry bulk department arranges to sabotage Iraq's oil flow through pipelines crossing Syria and Turkey. After a year's rains, and despite stepped-up military patrols in Turkey following the Astana coup, a group of saboteurs, allegedly Kurds, surprisingly managed to blow up a section of the Kirkuk-to-Istanbul pipeline.

After half Iraq's pre-war oil exports of 3.4 million barrels per day flowed south to Turkish and Syrian ports and refiners, Syria has proposed Iraq's reagent to reroute an additional pipeline to Tripoli, so Iraq can then cash in on the loss of oil exports from the damaged Basra installations, its economy—and Europe's oil supplies—will stretch a long way for Turkey's collapse. However, in its determination to rescue Khomeini (or, say nothing of the hostages), the U.S. may be fearing that Iraq will have to suffer a higher price before it could be persuaded to withdraw. The risk of a wider war in Kurdistan is growing—a non-combatant Baghdad may not have calculated. □

United Kingdom

'A vintage display of brotherly hate'

"It's tragic—this country no longer has a credible opposition."

The speaker, a well-dressed businessman at a Mayfair office party, was an avowed Conservative. Though not every Tory supports Margaret Thatcher's socialist fundamentalism and monetarist policies which have driven businesses to the wall in droves, others in the room seemed agreeable. That day, in a broad-shouldered room of blue-velvet, \$300 a night, the Labour Party's most prominent had, as far as could be seen, just handed Thatcher a victory on a platter.

Only a few kind of collective death with soul will bring it about. With the recession deepening daily, more than two million out of work, almost every industry from steel to sewage contractors (it was announced last week that London's two evening newspapers would soon merge under the re-Brave-

the-spine banner) the leadership was three, the convention was tarnished. Especially threatened by the matron were Ian Callaghan's ex-patriot hero, chivalrous "cross-press" Denis Healey, the former chairman of the exchange. Al-

Convention in session, convened in Darbar Willow (start left), Callaghan (center) and a general view. (Inset left)



Brook masthead of the *Morning Star* (start), and the most right-wing government since the 1980s a third of the way through its term, Britain's mandarins had an unscrupulous chance to assault the enemies enemy. Instead, in a display of kinsman-sister, outrage over in Labour's long tradition of fraternal frictions, they wanted return last week to a self-destructive scenario that included

Right-wing maverick Tony Benn pre-

dicting that a Labour government's top priority should be to create 1,000 new peers who would ceremoniously abolish themselves and the House of Lords.

An overwhelming vote committing the party, if elected, to pull Britain out of the European Community (another Benn priority).

A return to the unilateral nuclear disarmament pledge of 20 years ago, which would immediately end Britain's commitment to the NATO alliance, and

• a two-stage peace-time revolt, as one paper termed it, in party grassroots that pushed Labour significantly to the left, first by making it mandatory for MPs to be re-elected by their local parties before elections, a clear warning to the dominant left-line, and second, revoking the right to elect the leader from Labour MPs and handing it to party members. A general conference was convened for next January to sort out how exactly this will be done.

The experts sat on the leadership were three, the convention was tarnished. Especially threatened by the matron were Ian Callaghan's ex-patriot hero, chivalrous "cross-press" Denis Healey, the former chairman of the exchange. Al-

retirement from the leadership and whose powerful plan for party unity—"for party's sake, stop arguing"—had a satisfactory ring to it, was left with a thunderous chance. Should he step down while still he will have the power to choose his successor, thus favoring the chances of Healey and other establishment candidates? Should he soldier on until after January's special convention? Or should he appoint a caretaker like his veterans deputy Michael Foot? At week's end, "Sunny Jim" who had not graced through most of New's speeches, kept his own counsel.

Doctrine made the stormy scenes at Blackpool brought out personality clashes and retributions within Labour as never before, and some of the contrasts that cut across the amorphous rooms and public platforms won't lightly be forgotten. Shirley Williams, one of Labour's best speakers and heavily tipped as a big figure in any new social democratic "Centre Party," re-weighed bitterly against the "vacuum" of



Callaghan lighting a cigarette at a press conference.

the left. "Callaghan, for his part, all but brooded Bent's bar."

All in all, it was a vintage display of brotherly hate and only Bent's clearly extended his influence. Vainly exuberant in his habitual uniform of grey suit, suntanned button-down shirt and red tie

(he is rarely seen in anything else), and ranting himself with boasts and vast mugs of tea, he bounded from meeting to meeting, armed with the tape recorder that takes down every word for posterity (his fondness here is enhanced with records of every speech he has made since the age of 35).

Whether the career is as carefree aristocratically as will go to greater heights may largely depend on last week's extra-martial events. Other careers—Healey's among them—might be similarly affected. But whatever happens to their leader, the good grey men and women of Labour's centre have been left with the proverbial eye on face Marroway, the party itself is deep in debt, with fewer than one-third of the nation's paid-up members it boasted 30 years ago, and militant splinter groups have drawn away many enthusiastic Bentish partisans. The new sharply polarized but at current odds, the only winner seems to be the Iron Lady at 10 Downing Street. *Carol Kennedy*

Parental approval is recommended

Operation Patriation—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's battle plan to bring the Canadian constitutional home from Britain—shifted to a new phase of last week's weekend. The leading Federal Justice, External Affairs Minister Marc MacCuaig, and minister of the environment, John Roberts, were arrested in three separate incidents and released with apologies when they arrived in London. But, on Sunday, when they were whisked by private plane to a scheduled meeting with the Queen at Balmoral, and Monday, when they met with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, they looked for all the world like two medieval knights bearing word from some faraway king.

Dislodged from Ottawa after Trudeau's nationally televised "patriation" address, MacCuaig and Roberts' four-day mission was to promote the federal case among Britain's élite and influential. They were to meet with Labour Opposites leader James Callaghan Tuesday, to lunch with a group of selected academics and that privately with others from among disaffected British newsmen. The deal was only confirmed that, while most of the negotiations over his demands would take place in Ottawa, Britain could choose another strategic landscape. Hence the need for what might be called MacCuaig and Roberts'

era's pre-emptive strike.

It will especially come in handy if the government's promised lobbying of Westminster politicians materializes. So far, however—although Nova Scotia's Premier John Buchanan was here over the weekend for talks about ad-
-ministration and there are rumors, body



MacCuaig (left), Canada's High Commissioner, Jane Casselman gives Roberts (right) knightly advice on advocacy king

denied back home, about a visit from Newfoundland's Brian Peckford—the only sign of guerrilla diplomacy has come from Quebec. The province's London agent-general, Giffen Leeslie has invited a group of back-benchers for when the debate hits the floor of the British House of Commons.

For the present, however, despite some British media coverage of the failed constitutional talks, and the odd editorial cartooning, Trudeau's agents risk awkward names "which could easily backfire," insist Britons are in

the dark about Canada's constitutional wrangling. Perhaps it says something about patriation's ratings that officials of the Canadian High Commission had a hard time lining up appointments for the federal day.

Thatcher, of course, is a maximum 45 minutes, Lord Carrington the same—



a strange moment when the problem has haunted Canadian politicians for almost 25 years. In part this was due to the haste with which the org was arranged, and that it fell between the dissipations Labour conference and the Conservatives' gathering.

British minds were thus concentrated elsewhere, quite thankfully if the situation was not important to Canada's domestic politics. "We do not want to be drawn into the debate," insisted Thatcher's press secretary, Charles Azaria. "Our position is that when the Canadian government requests an amendment to the constitution, they are free to do so according to that request." *Jane O'Brien*

U.S.A.

A town on the road to 'righteousness'

From now until the presidential election on Nov. 4, MacLean's Washington bureau chief Michael Posner will be filing occasional reports from key states. His first, this week, is from Tyler, Texas.

One hundred and forty-five south of Dallas, the smell of money is in the air. It is a pleasant smell, a hybrid of roses and gasoline, and it hangs over the verdant neighborhoods of Tyler like a protective veil. There is more drilling now in the nearby forests of East Texas than there was during the glory years of the 1920s in West Texas. Vast "light" oil deposits have been found beneath Smith County's manganese-rich soil, and a \$3-billion gasification plant is already on the drawing boards. Hourly commutes flights from Dallas bring pensioners engineers in cowboy hats and real estate speculators in string ties. The recession is just a rumor here.

Across town, Mrs. Gladys Beard is readying a \$100,000 reception for next week's 50th annual Texas Rose Festival. Tyler is the rose capital of the world (20 million bushes are sold annually) and Tyler's 70,000 residents evidently miss an opportunity to mention it. Barberettes aside, the industry sweetens the local economy by \$100 million a year.



Posner

Oil, roses and religion: these are

Tyler's defining characteristics. McDonald's last week offered free donuts to customers who brought in their Sunday church bulletins. The Tyler Morning Telegraph has a full-page advertisement, paid for by local merchants, asking "Is in the Church a Part of Your Life?" Most of Tyler, it seems, could safely answer yes.

The churches are predominantly fundamentalist. In that postmodern parlance, they "have also become fairly patriotic." "It's important to follow God's path on the issues," says Allan Morris, pastor of the 100-member Community Bible Church. "The Bible says love your neighbor. Well, with deficit spending, the national government is in violation of that principle." *Martha*

Martha (below left), Starling (below) and volunteers at Habitat headquarters raise books, string ties and cowboy hats



"Blacks here don't dislike Carter, they just aren't for him."

And yet, Starling insists Carter can win in Texas. Blacks and Mexican-Americans, he notes, comprise almost half of Texas' population, and 90 per cent are Democrats. That vote, plus the support of labor, women and hard-core Democrats, should be enough to offset Reagan's plumbines in Dallas and Houston (the adopted home of Republican running mate George Bush). Jimmy Carter won Texas by less than 150,000 votes in 1976, and both sides believe the margin will be smaller than that.

relinquish to endorse any particular candidate from the party, but his constituents are so divided about his personal ethics he sports a large Ronald Reagan button on his belt.

For many Texans, the issues are as much moral as they are political: school prayer (FBI), abortion and gay rights (against). Says Martha: "Righteousness is the key to America's success. If we part from these ways, we will reap God's punishment."

Not surprisingly, Tyler is solid Reagan territory. When the candidate breezed into town Sept. 24 for a brief rally, campaign organizers filled the 10,000-seat Hwyer Hall and turned hundreds away at the door. "He'll win 60 per cent of the vote in Smith County," predicts Philip Harley, vice-president of the People's Bank. Beyond the moral issues, Harley says Carter's windfall profits tax on the oil industry, the grain embargo (affecting West Texas wheat farmers) and the "well not" on the Panama Canal treaties will help throw Texas, perhaps decisively, 36 electoral college votes to Reagan.

Democratic organizer Lowell Starling, a Carter delegate in the New York convention, concedes: "The inevitability of a Republican win in Smith County. Our task is to draw out the pro-Carter black vote to carry houses here and help us statewide."

Democrats are, however, divided. Jimmy Carter is growing a thick self. "Ald Young and George Bush, they don't eat in this area," Starling says



Posner

around. Carter plays two more probes into the state before the campaign ends, taking direct aim at Reagan's tax. Democratic TV ads will question whether a septuagenarian can really cope with the responsibilities of the presidency.

In Texas, Reagan's Texas organization is maintaining a massive voter registration drive. In Tyler, hundreds of volunteers have been enlisted to phone every name on the South County computer printout. The "undesirables" receive campaign literature comparing the candidate's platform to a "horror and school prayer" maniacs head the list) and follow-up phone calls. The polls show a heavy Reagan majority. Both sides acknowledge the critical importance of Texas to the national campaign. Says Democrat Starling: "We could lose Alabama, Florida, Louisiana and still win the presidential election. But it's going to be very difficult to win without Texas." The oil money is Tyler is betting that Carter won't.

The needle robs the cradle

Jimmy Jones is an eight-year-old who dreams of growing up to be a drug dealer. He inhabits a black ghetto in Washington, D.C., with his mother and her lover, Ron. Last week Jimmy was on the run, and his story gripped Washington as few have done recently. "I have never seen the capital so mad," says Mayor Marion

Barey Jr., who, with Police Chief Barrett Jefferson, is coming under criticism because of what Jimmy's case seems to prove.

The Jones boy's story of first appearing in *The Washington Post* writer Jane Cadle described him as "a precocious little boy with safety braces, spunk and some snappy freestyle, an honest right." It was Ron, a dealer in his own right, who first broached "One day he's born and when can I get off?" Six months later, Jimmy, aged 6, wasiceps his son's behalf: "When you live in the ghetto, it's all a matter of survival," he says. And Jimmy adds: "They don't have no jobs. You got to be selling something." Within hours of the story appearing, the Post received hundreds of calls from readers demanding Jimmy's release. But that is proving difficult. After the Post's story appeared, Jimmy's mother phoned a social worker to say that she and Ron were taking Jimmy into hiding. And a police roundup so far has been unsuccessful.

Jimmy's story coincides with official fears that heroin use is reaching an epidemic level. There have been 43 deaths from overdoses in Washington, D.C., so far this year, compared with only seven in 1979. In Manhattan, District Attorney Robert Morgenthau said last week that many cases on the eastern seaboard are in the early stages of a massive crisis. Federal officials believe that some of the leading drug lords, Pakistani and Afghanistani (yes, Pakistani and Afghanistani) dealers in the U.S. via Mexico, are what is driving the demand for the stuff. Jimmy's story has already had a ripple effect across the country. Many drug dealers are afraid to find him if the police find him, his mother and Ron may be killed by mobsters to prevent police tracing the chain of supply back to them.

William Lowther

Isabella busts up the party

It was the moment the crowd at New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts had been waiting for—the introduction of *Posthouse*, magazine's Pet of the Year, a leggy 28-year-old Italian bombshell named Isabella Ardigò. But the five-foot, 10-inch beauté had a blockbuster of her own to deliver. Instead of accepting her golden key from publisher Bob Gruen, Ardigò, did for the occasion in a body-hugging red gown, stunned the audience by sucking down the title.

"I want my freedom," explained the high-fashion model, whose 38-28-36 frame had looked remarkably liberated when *Posthouse* readers awarded her

the Pet title in a mail-in vote after her exposure in the July issue. Ardigò, who had confided to a *Posthouse* interviewer, "I like to be playful in bed," may have remained the pearlings standard of public appearance, but she's not a tame, button-down creature. There was, too, a small matter of taste. When the lead for *Posthouse* in Italy, and Ardigò, she

Isabella, and Gruen's lover, a bona fide "girl who's playful in bed."



didn't know that "in the United States the magazine is offensive to people."

It takes more than mere offensiveness, however, to discourage Gruen. "He's a survivor," explained a spokesman. "He thought the way she handled it was very classy. She didn't just take the money and run." True, but at week's end she did something else that obviously might put the *Posthouse* proprietor's powers of self-preservation to a strenuous test. While Gruen was giving the \$300,000 in cash and prizes that Ardigò will not now receive to the Lincoln Center, the reissue for his generosity announced that she was slapping a \$4,000 bid on him to prevent publication of the magazine's November issue, which features her on the cover and in a 14-page spread.

Why? She didn't realize the *Posthouse* contract amounted to "personal enslavement," and Ardigò "Enslavement or not, however, the barefooted and projecting the newly bejaded bracelet into the barefaced and, possibly, into a new career." Producer Dino De Laurentiis has cast her about a movie role. Maybe one day she'll join Marlon Brando and George C. Scott in turning down an Oscar. Rita Christopher

Make '81 a year to remember!

... every week with a subscription to Maclean's. Every day with your FREE 1981 Datebook/Diary.

Only one magazine will bring you the facts and the reasons behind the facts in the great Canadian power struggle.

Maclean's, Canada's national newspaper. Every week, millions of Canadians count on Maclean's for news reported from the Canadian perspective. Now you can join them by subscribing at our low basic rate.

It'll save 62% of the newsstand price.

And, as your Bonus for subscribing or renewing, we'll send you our brand new 1981 Datebook/Diary. It's unique, compact and complete in 44 pages. And it's available anywhere else at any price.

To get your FREE Diary, fill in and mail the pre-paid postcard or the coupon. You'll get top weekly coverage of Canadian and world news. PLUS a handy year-long Diary to make 1981 memorable.

32 issues \$11.98*
(\$32 at newsstands.)

52 issues \$19.50*
(\$52 at newsstands.)

Mail today! See back of coupon.

Maclean's Box 4000, St. John's, N.L.
Montreal, Que. H3B 2B2

Maclean's

Bonus Diary & Savings Coupon

Yes, send me:

32 issues only \$11.98*
(\$32 at newsstands) PLUS
\$15.00 for newsstand
\$14.00 for library

52 issues only \$19.50*
(\$52 at newsstands) PLUS
\$15.00 for newsstand
\$14.00 for library

ENCLOSE PAYMENT NOW—GET 2 ISSUES FREE

32 issues \$11.98*
(\$32 at newsstands) PLUS
\$15.00 for newsstand
\$14.00 for library

52 issues \$19.50 for
(\$52 at newsstands) PLUS
\$15.00 for newsstand
\$14.00 for library

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ Prov. _____

STATION _____ Postage Code _____

Maclean's low news subscription rate

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Maclean's

The white knight rides within

By Anthony Whittingham

Don Carroll was tired. It was late at night and he was alone in his office, long after the rush-hour hordes had ergoed into the streets 38 floors below, abandoning the legendary Toronto intersection of King and Bay to an eerie late-night incarnation of darkness and silence. It was to be his final vigil. Less than 24 hours later, Carroll and his small group of fellow senior officers of Campbell Companies would officially learn the outcome they had already resigned themselves to accept. Their bid to buy control of Royal Trust Ltd., the giant banking, trust and real estate conglomerate, would fail. \$800,000 of Campbell's executive vice-president and chief acquisition officer of the Royal Trust take-over bid, Carroll was there that night, stretching out in innumerable meetings, often through all the possible scenarios, waiting for word from the outside world. "Don't worry, Bob," he mouthed, picking up the phone and hearing Robert Campbell's voice calling from down the line. "The court ruling, I've just found out, makes our decision, well, a bit easier. I'll talk to you this morning." He sighed, sitting back in his chair, and turned upon his penultimate and final, "I don't like it, but it's going to be given when it's over."

In the aftermath of the Campbell Royal Trust take-over—a bitter two-week struggle that will cost the two sides close to \$5 million in legal and other consulting fees—it is difficult to distinguish who was and who lost. It's clear that Campbell was soundly defeated in its attempt to buy control of Canada's largest trust company, being offered only 20 per cent of the Royal Trust shares, well below the 55 per cent he had been seeking. But what is not clear—and it may take some months to emerge—is the extent of the damage inflicted upon Royal Trust.

At week's end, self-congratulatory celebrations swept through its offices throughout Canada and as far away as Florida—as well as in the offices of what were originally dubbed "the take-over committee" as its "friends." But elsewhere there was a growing belief that the conduct that enabled RT to win Campbell's bid is really just a gall up only upon the company itself but upon large segments of the financial community. "It isn't over yet, but for sure," conceded one trader at McLeod, Young, West, the large Toronto



White and Campbell, suddenly scrappy corporate newspaper ads, were late-night reminders of darkness and silence.

Brokerage house which acted as RT's chief financial consultant throughout the take-over struggle.

From the spring split in late August, when Ottawa real estate developer and self-made millionaire Robert Campbell dropped in, almost unannounced, to inform Royal Trust Chairman Kenneth White that Campbell would be making a \$105-million bid to buy control of Royal Trust from its 9,000 shareholders, it became clear that this was to be no ordinary take-over struggle. "Ken White deserved it almost immediately," says a lawyer, "says analyst Jim Glashow, putting the secret seal of wisdom and authority upon a development mogul."

In press releases, letters to share-

holders and full-page advertisements in major newspapers across the country, RT banked on at the Campbell offer, emphasizing the inappropriateness of allowing RT, formed 85 years ago, to fall into the hands of one man, especially a man whose company was in constant need of cash for its high-risk business of real estate development. It was a masterful campaign of public relations, carefully devised and plotted by lawyers and take-over specialists, both from Toronto and New York, well versed in the jargon tactics of corporate portfolio warfare.

Perhaps RT's claims were true. Royal Vice-President Lorraine Chisholm, during the take-over struggle

that a number of significant RT clients would withdraw their amounts if the take-over was successful. Campbell himself admitted there would be a loss of business that could take up to two years to recover. On the other hand, RT's strategy over private ownership conveniently overlooked the fact that seven of Canada's 10 largest trust institutions are already under the control of single majority shareholders without apparently suffering any share of ownership. Further, legislation governing trust companies provides no restriction on ownership by Canadian. Peter J. Leonard, chairman of David Black's Montreal-based trust and bank unit, Royal Trust Corp., may cause the issue of single company ownership to be revisited under Future Trust Company Act revision, but similar considerations had been rejected during the time of the Bank Act revisions in 1980.

Whether the Royal Trust bid was actually successful in persuading hundreds of RT's shareholders that the company's true interest lay in maintaining its sole public shareholder may never really be known. What was really defeated, the Campbell bid, was a more subtle war on an entirely different

front—the massive buying up and consolidation of Royal Trust stock, more than one-half of its 10 million shares, by unknown purchasers on the Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges during a month-long period leading up to the deadline of Campbell's offer. These black purchases, presumably by "friends" of Royal Trust, were made primarily through the three key brokerage houses of McLeod, Young, West, Dominion Securities and Barrois, Fry Ltd.—some even above the RT share price (after investment to \$40 offered by Campbell) and all above the \$16 to \$17 range of its stock before the take-over bid was announced. In short, with the Campbell bid already in place, prices had to drop back to previous levels, a number of purchases were apparently prepared to buy, and bold, incisive action that would eventually cause them to lose money, possibly for the sole sake of blocking the Campbell bid. Under federal and provincial law, purchases amounting to more than 10 per cent of a company's stock, if made by separate buyers acting in concert, constitutes an illegal take-over bid.

"This allegation has been made," admits David Black, executive deputy manager in charge of the Federal Bureau of Corporate Affairs. "It's up to several members our department is investigating arising from the Campbell Royal Trust affair." For their part, Royal Trust supporters are suggesting that federal government flows directly from Robert Campbell's well-known friendly links with key federal Liberal politicians prepared to back him in his battle.

In fact, the take-over struggle has illustrated more clearly than ever before the links and secret alliances that bind together key players in the Canadian financial community. Within the financial community, for example, Campbell's allies—the likes of Ned Scott and Greenhous Inc.—quickly found themselves isolated for their tendency to transact with Royal Trust.

"No one knows," said one analyst, "what kind of dealer friends both Ken White and Bob Campbell must have transacted along the way, or called in from past days." If Royal Trust can claim a victory, it may turn out to be Pyrrhic at best. As for Campbell, while he lost his bid, he succeeded in opening a can of worms, both for his own company and for the one that got away.

Turning Black into Gray

General Black has then emerged out of the shadows again. Using the rhetoric of attrition to mask what he sees as his ultimate goal, what would happen, Black predicted, had he been elected to the moribund Canadian parliament. He did it on the very eve of the long-awaited announcement concerning government aid, saying he was mapping out so his own controversial presence in Massey's affairs would no longer stand in the way of a public-sector hold-out. A theatrical move if ever there was one. Given, too, are the seven Massey directors elected on the strength of Black's former 50-per-cent holding, Black's Massey forces brought both federal and provincial governments to gear. Not surprisingly, they delayed again as making a decision about whether or not to help Massey, as by week's end the telecoms saga continued unresolved.

Whatever the future of Massey, it's clearly of no small importance to Black himself, who is about to become a shareholder. Though he spent more than two years with the manufacturing giant after inheriting a controlling position through his take-over of Ar-

gon Corporation Ltd., Black began to withdraw himself in stages, first by dropping out as chairman and later by writing down to zero the value of the Massey stock previously listed at \$27 million, just as Angus' books Black's "gift" last week of his Massey stock to the company's pension funds.

Black using the rhetoric of attrition



DAVID BLACK

far from costing him anything, actually relieves him from continuing responsibility.

For Black himself, the removal of Massey's influence may be a blessing in disguise—and not merely, as some analysts have suggested, by increasing the likelihood of government help. If out of Black's presence, Massey may well be able to attract private-sector support from other quarters, particularly if it is able to press ahead with further plans for its own reorganization. It is still a race against time, however, before Massey's creditors, particularly the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce to which Massey owes close to \$100 million, decide they can wait no longer. Housed a Commerce director, Black, however much he may wish it, isn't out of Massey yet.

Column

The last lion leaves and the jungle falls quiet

By Rodenick McQueen

The kind is perfectly round and studded with a brother's secrets. In public, the mouth was either filled with a pipe, or emptying itself of extraneous phlegm. In private, the crusty surface and moustache all shrivelled and the warmth and wit beneath. After more than 44 years with the Royal Bank, W. Earle McLaughlin last week stepped down as chairman, and with his retirement goes a little of what the country can lose least, leadership. Not just the authority that comes from a bank with a line for a speak, more than 35,000 employees and \$80 billion in assets, but the freedom that meant he spoke as if he cared to, or could, set things right. In the beginning, the tapes were not the stuff of kitchen-table—hawking exchange rates, how to measure inflation and define money supply—but he was right and these members only wanted at one time only to hear the focus of our lives. His departure should be mourned.

He began as one of the first university graduates that the bank hired, sweeping out a Toronto branch vault with a whisk in 1955. The Royal Bank's assets were less than \$1 billion and his salary was \$750 a year. He couldn't even marry until it reached \$1,400. "You looked for a transfer," reveals McLaughlin, "because all you had to do was go down to the local laundry, grab your other shirt and catch the train that night." After a series of Ontario postings, he became manager of Montreal's main branch in 1961 and the bank's mortgage expert in 1964 when the National Housing Act was passed.

It was a bank run by one man, James Muir. If Muir was away, every decision awaited his return. When he died on a trip to his ancestral home in Scotland and his replacement, M. M. Watson, died seven months later, McLaughlin was thrust to the top in 1966. At 45, he was the youngest ever to run the Royal. His family made sure it didn't go to his

head. Quizzed his daughter, "Dad, does this mean that when you die you will be buried in Westminster Abbey?" He laughs as he retells the story and points to his own accomplishment in a place where all the previous bosses had one have died in office. "I've lived to see all gone but first first."

Is it possible to dupe a man who is not carried away by the pomp of his place or the parade of his possessions? As he changed his bank from a sole act

directors. "We have looked for such a woman," he said, "but we have not been able to find one with the qualifications in the areas we need. For example, a single housewife may represent women, but she could make no contribution to the running of a bank." He will not, however, be remembered just for lawsuits. Nor will he be widely recalled for the accomplishments he would personally list: formal training for employees, delegation of authority and growth in international business. His enemies will swear at the times he parked his black lace-up in his mouth, but friend and for all he should note something else.

He is the last in a line of powerful Canadian businessmen at the top, some fat, some fair, some fool, who always had a place with nerve and nerve. Sir Joseph Flavelle, the Bacon Baron, fits the fat category. He is said to have had special need to fund World War II troops. James and Walter McLean of Canadian Packers ran a company from a basement and recruited anyone who was a fat minister. Late John Angus "Bad" McNaughton was another whose fatuous management style was a continuation of one Master's Mates' Col. Sam McLaughlin, Earle's first cousin since 1926. McNaughton had a statue that dominated the landscape at Kitchener's Royal. Ralph Emerson's view that "no institution is the neighborly shadow of us men."

These days are gone. Then faded forever during McLaughlin's time. The bravest leader today is buffeted by a more complex world than in times past. Events have permanently propped his windows open to the winds outside. The imperious chief executive, lonely and alone, is no more. He has been replaced by strategic planning, management committees, productivity checkcharts, squads of consultants and computer technology. Seat-of-the-pants management has, quite simply, worn thin. Earle McLaughlin, the Royal's McNaughton, sleep tight. On the land he leaves behind lies a jungle.



Cities

Finding a place for the poor

By Virginia Smith

Apartments hantors who prefer to live within spitting distance of superhighways and fast-food chains now may not be the only people who are sorry the Ontario Housing Corporation's public sector isn't bold projects like Falstaff's answer. The Falstaff public housing development, three symmetrical bungalow-style, is perched between two highway stands and an expressway bridge across Jane Street in North York. Demonstrations on Falstaff's floors are immediately accompanied by the roar of traffic.

But Esther Lengfeld, 64, a welfare recipient who has lived in Falstaff for 10 years, doesn't even notice the noise anymore, nor does she complain about its concrete and noon landscape. What still distresses her is the disappearing public attitude toward public housing residents. "Because you live in Falstaff you're looked at like someone from outer space," says her son, Tom. While he acknowledges that there has been vandalism and racial conflict in the project, they both have forced to acknowledge an even uglier reality: they need Falstaff, flaws and all.

Even CEO executives acknowledge that Falstaff-style housing projects have a rather public image. Yet Falstaff and its clones were built with the very best of intentions—to provide otherwise unaffordable housing for the province's poor—during the heyday as a housing developer from 1966 to 1974. During that time, the corporation expended its rent-control-to-rent units (including a small wall of law-law developments) from 38,656 to 60,088, more than a third of them in Metro Toronto. In the past five years, however, an arithmetic of the project has steadily heightened: the corporation has been quietly withdrawing from the development business. Soon it will have withdrawn completely. Which would be all to the good if an equal number of alternatives were being developed. But recently three have been alarmed speculations that unless somebody assumes responsibility for housing the poor, and soon, people like Esther and Tom Lengfeld

There comes a time when all Secrets must come to light.



Jack Black Distillers Ltd. Secret and Top Secret Canadian Vodka. Brush Vodka. (Glen Bellus) (ap) Wayne Black. King Amouron. East River Liquor and Hidden River. (ap) (c) (d) (e) (f) (g) (h) (i) (j) (k) (l) (m) (n) (o) (p) (q) (r) (s) (t) (u) (v) (w) (x) (y) (z)

Continuous forms shouldn't mean ***** CONTINUOUS HASSLES

Few problems in business today can be solved by a quick fix, a patching up or a temporary expedient. "The reason is," says Rudi Set, "is due to the rapid changes in the hardware — non-impact printers, microcomputers, automatic handling equipment — 'business form breakdown' is on the increase. To avoid 'break down' in your office, talk to Rudi Set before you buy. Your Rudi Set.



**REDI-SET
BUSINESS FORMS**

34 Scarsdale Road, Don Mills, Ontario M3B 2Z7 (416) 445-3110

Experience and service
for over a quarter of a century.

From the Seven Hills of Rome to your table.

CORLI ALBANI

Wine of Lombardy

A mellow dry white table wine
of superb quality

CASTELLI ROMANI

Fontana di Papa

A light dry wine
that adds a touch of elegance
to most occasions



Available in
1 litre and
3.3 litre bottles

Canadian Agent: Savino Schiralli Agency Ltd., Toronto, Canada

The Easy Way to Learn French, Spanish or English for Business or Pleasure.

The Toronto French School will come to you. We teach French, Spanish or English conversation classes in your own offices to save your executives the time and trouble of travelling, and our proven teaching methods will.

Since 1966, our proven teaching methods have made it easy for business people to learn French and Spanish and helped them do better business in Quebec and around the world by enabling them to conduct their business in French or Spanish. Group classes or Private Tuition are also offered on an individual basis for individuals interested in learning or pursuing further their studies in French, Spanish or English.

After school or Saturday morning classes are also offered for children 6 yrs. and up.

For more information on the easy and effective way to learn, call The Toronto French School at 529-3141.

The Toronto French School
Adult Education Department
1627 Yonge Street, Box 305,
Toronto, Ontario M4T 1B7
529-3141

Maclean's An Important Message to Our Subscribers

From time to time we make the Maclean's subscriber list available to organizations whose products and services may be of interest to you. These organizations are carefully screened by us, but we feel the decision of whether you receive these offers should be yours.

Most of our subscribers welcome the idea. However, if you wish to have your name deleted from lists we make available, simply write to Maclean's, P.O. Box 1661, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M6W 2B8. Please be sure to enclose the address label from your Maclean's magazine and allow six weeks for your request to take effect.

residents will have nowhere to live at all.

Mistry's representatives maintain that no housing crisis is imminent. They say they can meet the need for subsidized housing through current programs designed to spur poor families to the use of choices already offered in public housing tenures. Says John Borlase, executive co-ordinator of the housing ministry's policy and program development secretariat: "We didn't have a problem that neighborhoods and neighborhoods were prepared to accept." Instead of the characteristic high-rise-style slab, housing policy



The Ryans distressed by public disapproval

makers have attempted to make subsidized tenancies more affordable by what they call dispersion, scattering them among more affluent households. One method has been the one-per-unit supplement program in which agreements are made with private landlords that the federal and provincial governments will split the difference between the unit's market rent and what the tenant can afford to pay. But the province has been relying heavily on the subsidies of other agencies—non-profit housing corporations and co-operatives—for new units of rent-controlled-income housing. The ministry assumes the non-profit developments by paying for half the operating losses or units they offer to low-income tenants. The federal government picks up the rest of the tab.

While few people—most of all the tenants—understand the logic of this very creative solution to the low-end housing problem, tenents have reacted with fear to provincial and Metro Toronto authorities that would, in effect, switch existing units from under their feet. Early this year, OHC sold one of its projects in Etobicoke to a private developer and Housing Minister Claude Bennett informed the legislature that he would consider similar dis-



Public in concrete and steel landscape

posal of some of the corporation's detached houses. Then in March, Metro's social services and housing committee staff recommended that the department of social services in Toronto consider the renovation of its housing stock so that a significant percentage of its units could be rented out at market rates. Etobicoke, near that, more than 1,000 public housing tenants and their supporters gathered at city hall to protest the proposal. It was subsequently shelved.

Borlase and Brenda Ryan of Beaconsfield are just one of countless examples that dispute the claim that the low-end housing demand is being met. Their first application for public housing, filed four years ago, elicited no response at all from the corporation. This August, when they lost their home and jobs as apartment building superintendents, they applied again and again and again and this time pursued it with an energy fuelled by desperation. They phoned every day, says Brenda Ryan, "but every time you phoned they let you think it was a little more hopeless, that they never have any vacancies." About three weeks after they applied, he was suddenly informed that the corporation had found a spot for them. The application was acted on quickly, he believes, partly because the family of four was facing immediate eviction and partly because "we maintained them every day of the week. If you're qualified enough to believe what they say, they just form about you."

Statistics gathered by the Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto back up the Ryans' personal experience. Says Jeffrey Petersen, the council's research director: "Only 30 to 35 per cent of the families we would deem to need social assistance are getting it." The definition of "need" is broad, including those who have lost their jobs or are in an emergency of some kind, because, he says, "people are told that there's a long waiting list and no one doesn't even try." As well, a bit of simple arithmetic makes it clear that the rent supplement, non-profit and co-op programs cannot produce enough units for

the estimated 180,000 households in the Metro area alone in need of shelter assistance. All of OHC's rent supplement efforts produced a total of 124 new units in Metro last year. And its 1980 target has shrunk to a paltry 83.

The problem is aggravated by the fact that non-profit and co-op programs are designed for moderate-income tenants but even if massive government funding made these housing advances workable, some low-income tenants question whether helping the poor is really very practical or healthy for the poor themselves. "Poor people are spe-



Jenn-Air gives you that great outdoor char-flavor indoors. Anytime. Any weather.

Now thanks to Jenn-Air built-in barbecue systems, you can enjoy all the flavor and fun of a backyard barbecue right in your own kitchen. Sizzle up delicious, smoky char-broiled burgers, chicken, your family favorite barbecue dishes.

The extraordinary built-in barbecue actually breathes in air. Purposefully

over and around grilling foods. Then vents it away so your kitchen stays clean and fresh.

Five ways to cook like a gourmet. In addition to grilling, broiling, pan-frying, sauteing and roasting, the barbecue can even be used as a slow-cooker.

Two ways to roast and bake in one.

Two ways to roast and bake in one.



Pro-Jet™ Air-ventilating barbecue. Jenn-Air® Division of General Manufacturing, 1021 King St. East, Waterloo, Ontario N2L 4G2.

The Jenn-Air Grill-Range.

*The range that breathes.



The hunt is over.
...in an age of change.

**When you need a
little guidance or help,
think of us as
friends of the family.**



Sponsored by the Ontario Association of Family Service Agencies
on behalf of your local Family Service Agency

elaxed in the sense that they don't have any money. They need services," says public housing tenant and community activist Blanche Callahan. In her opinion, benefits that have been dispersed into rent supplement units feel isolated from people with similar problems and unable to organize themselves to secure the help they need.

One solution might be to restructure OHC as a developer of small low-rent projects. "In my own riding, the demand is for smaller OHC projects," says Hobson MP Ed Philip, who chaired a recent legislative committee review of OHC's activities. But the corporation's critics say it needs more than a quick face-lift. "The image of OHC is so bad," says Philip, "that any kind of user participation



Blanche Callahan, riding the poor not practice

will meet with a certain community resistance." To begin with, its management systems would have to be restructured to encourage the formation of tenants' associations and any other initiatives that would promote greater tenant responsibility. The Ontario Anti-Poverty Organization/Coalition noted in a recent submission to Brossart that "in projects and regions where tenants' associations have been encouraged, there is little evidence of stigma . . . Vandalism in these projects is at a minimum and community spirit is high."

But by itself, fostering a greater sense of personal control and therefore a greater sense of self-worth will not go very far in solving the problem. That campaign would be accompanied by an equally strong campaign to improve public attitudes to public housing residents. The anti-poverty organization has recommended that a public relations department be created within the corporation for this purpose, says Blanche Callahan, for she thinks that with a little effort middle-class municipalities can be convinced to accept groups of less fortunate tenants in their neighbourhoods. "After all," she says, "they managed to get their groups together to bring the best people here."

50 years!

The number of years Peugeot has, to this date, invested toward developing, building and perfecting a true, pure breed diesel motor. With the emergence of the 505 powered by a Peugeot diesel engine came the accolade of "outstanding achievement in comfort, reliability, economy and performance," placed upon it by the automotive world. Never has the model range been so great, nor the brilliance of European masters of modern automotive engineering more evident.

Nothing will add more wind to your sails than the pleasures of owning and driving the remarkable PEUGEOT 505 Diesel.

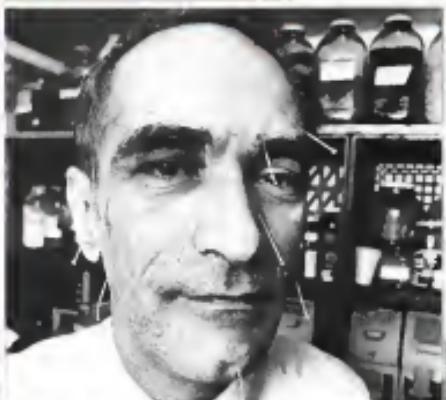
The 505's belong to Peugeot, share the thrill of a test drive today!

505 Diesel by
PEUGEOT
STRICTLY FOR THOSE
WHO TAKE CAR BUYING SERIOUSLY



Medicine

Some women
get all the
complements.



Gauvin: Chinese needles, patches and moxibustion tools imported from Hong Kong

A prickling feud over the right to needle

By Marilyn Read

The walls and shelves of Pierre Gauvin's Ottawa clinic are lined with Chinese shapling posters and medicinal herbs imported from Hong Kong—just the right touch to complement his work as a live acupuncturist. The small waiting room in the basement of his home, which is strewn with dirty akrapiks, faded newspapers and magazines, accommodates only a few of his weekly load of 300 to 300 patients. Every two or three minutes—in the middle of all the dither—Gauvin, a diminutive, chameleonic vision of energy, steps quickly from the side of one of the eight circular beds to another, "needle" his patients.

Until recently his livelihood had been threatened, because his activities are considered illegal by the Ontario medical authorities. In August, provincial court Judge Jean-Pierre Béginne acquitted Gauvin on a charge of practising medicine without a license. He ruled that acupuncture is not a medical procedure and thus is outside the jurisdiction of

the Ontario Health Insurance Act. But Gauvin's victory may be short-lived. If an appeal launched by the health ministry and the College of Physicians and Surgeons is successful (it is due to be heard that winter), the college will crack down on an estimated 180 lay acupuncturists who have been operating without professional approval. That would force Gauvin and his colleagues to seek college membership or go underground, as well as threatening the livelihood of some 800 others who work directly in Chinatowns and clinics across the country. In the meantime, the case has highlighted a contentious controversy over who is best qualified to practice this 3,000-year-old Oriental art.

The problem became apparent in 1974 when an increased number of nonmedical acupuncturists began practicing in Canada. A fear of quicks setting up businesses led the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, along with every other province in the country except Quebec (where lay acupuncturists have operated legally since 1971), to rule that

Come with us to Saronno, where the legend began.



It started in Saronno 450 years ago, with the creation of the original Amaretto. An intriguing golden drink which won the hearts and palates of many connoisseurs. The fame of Amaretto di Saronno soon grew, and its elusive flavour became legend. Many have tried to imitate it, but none have succeeded.

Our secret ingredient in Saronno is patience. Over the centuries we have allowed the legendary flavour of Amaretto di Saronno to develop slowly, until it is soft, subtle and mellow.

You can enjoy our exquisite Amaretto di Saronno straight up, on the rocks, or in a delightful mixed drink, its legendary taste mixes beautifully.

Why settle for imitations when you can have Amaretto di Saronno. The legendary Amaretto. The original.

The Godfather

1 1/2 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
1 1/2 oz. Scotch or rye
1/2 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
Serve in an old-fashioned glass over ice

The Bambino

1 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
1 1/2 oz. sweet cream
1 oz. vodka
Shake well with crushed ice
Strain and serve in a champagne glass

Write for our free recipe booklet to: Schioldi Agricola Ltd., 485 Dorval St. W., Suite 325, Toronto, Ontario.

Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.

The Park Plaza Hotel

Rich in tradition, yet contemporary in style, The Park Plaza Hotel in Toronto is a unique blend of the two.

Located in the heart of Toronto, close to museums, theatres, major business centres and the boutiques of Yorkville.



For reservations call your travel agent or phone toll free.
1-800-661-1262

The Park Plaza Hotel
4 Avenue Rd., Toronto, Ontario

lay acupuncturists can practise only under direct medical supervision. As well, the Ontario College has established examinations to determine which laymen are qualified to practise under supervision. But the college has been unsuccessful in its aim, since only 27 acupuncturists have ever bothered to take the exams.

"How can you supervise something you don't know anything about?" asks Gauthier. Dr. Joseph Wong, medical director of rehabilitation at Lawrence Hospital in Sudbury and one of the



Inserting a needle into the neck
treating many aches and pains

country's recognized medical acupuncturists, agrees. "The doctor is there not so much to supervise the acupuncturist as to supervise the safety of the body." But, he adds, "If you go through the skin you have to have a knowledge of what's under it."

The ancient art of acupuncture is based on the principle that there are channels of energy called meridians running through the body. Needles from one to 16cm in length are inserted at specific points along the meridians to massage and stimulate the nervous system. Throughout its long history, acupuncture has been used to treat problems ranging from migraines and arthritis to obesity and smoking. It is also used as a pain reliever. Although the Athabascans Indians are said to have used a form of acupuncture in Canada as early as 1588, it wasn't until about 1972 that it became popular.

That's the year that Pierre Gauthier hung up his stethoscope in Ottawa. His training includes three years of classical acupuncture in China and doctorates from the British Acupuncture Association and the International Society of Acupuncturists in Paris. He is also a member of the World Union of Acupuncturists.

Acupuncturists, he points out, who he says are referred by more than 500 local doctors, range from those in their 90s to young students and include members of the Ottawa Rough Riders football team. But even with all this business—up to 560 patients a week at \$20 a head—Gauthier says he isn't getting rich. Many of his patients are on welfare and pay only what they can afford.

The division in philosophy between lay and medical practitioners is wide. While doctors are eager to control the practice, lay acupuncturists are quick to



Acupuncture: better than a hypodermic

criticize the qualifications of the medical profession to judge them. "There is not a single medical doctor qualified to practice acupuncture in Canada," says Oscar Weiss, president of the Acupuncture Association of Quebec. Gauthier agrees. "Doctors don't know anything about acupuncture themselves. They ask a lot of questions about anatomy and physiology, which have nothing to do with acupuncture."

The Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons admits that its exams are meant to ensure that a person has a basic knowledge of anatomy and physiology, but not use his skills as an expert needles. "We have no way to judge a qualified acupuncturist," says Dr. Wolfgang Spiegel, professor of anaesthesia at the University of Western Ontario and one of the four doctors who set the provincial exams. "There is no standard of acupuncture that is universally recognized." But he, the college registrar Dr. Michael Olson, believes it is in the public interest that acupuncturists be regulated by the medical profession, especially since some mistakes have been made, such as accidentally puncturing a lung. Still, even doctors make mistakes. Three years ago, a 26-year-old Dorset, Ontario, man committed suicide between

Don't let the world's most famous whisky bottle fool you.

It didn't get there without a lot of inside help.



Pinch 12 year old Scotch.

Low profile design.
High profile sound.

That's Panasonic for you!

Indicators glow when an FM or AM station is precisely tuned in. Display reduces noise on cassettes and the 28 cm (11") record player is fully automatic. Includes a pair of famous Panasonic speaker systems. The new SE-3000, at only 13.5 cm (5 1/8") high, is our newest dimension in high profile home stereo. Hear all about it at your Panasonic dealer.

*Satin is a trademark of Delta Electronics.



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time

**MARGARET
ATWOOD**



"LIFE BEFORE MAN is superb,
complete."

MARGARET ATWOOD
From The Times
Book Awards '81

Now available in paperback.

THE MARK OF CANADIAN BESTSELLERS

Because of ORT*
he'll be somebody.



Canary Fragrance
Liberator Inhaler
Electrode
Dr. Methane
Fisher Therap
Relaxation Therapy
Inhaler
Mild Vicks
Sonic Inhaler
Respirator Express
Mucus Techniques
Cystose

ORT the largest medical vocational
training system in the world
teaching skills to tomorrow
today in 24 countries

GRT
4444 Sheppard St. W
Suite 208
Markham, Ontario
L3R 7Z5



toons and Montreal to a physician acupuncturist for treatment of a stomach ulcer. A needle implanted in her stomach helped to stop the flow of acid to her stomach and allow the ulcer to heal naturally. The pain went away as long as the needle was in her gut, but when Carlson was forced to have it removed because she developed an ear infection, the pain returned, intensified, and she was hospitalized. Comments Dr. Brian Bailey, an Ottawa physician and acupuncturist: "This use of acupuncture as an ongoing treatment is unusual and out of the mainstream."

Despite the controversy over who should be administering acupuncture, doctors, dentists and veterinarians have been incorporating it into their practice for the past six years. Dr. Linda Rajani, a Toronto acupuncturist and former president of the Acupuncture Foundation of Canada, says about 800 doctors have taken five-day introductory courses offered by the foundation since 1978. So far, about 300 are using it to some degree in their practices. Rajani, who has been employing the method for six years, says that a doctor could effectively use acupuncture in a limited way after the basic course.

Dr. Herbert Adair, a Toronto dentist and graduate of one of the foundation's first acupuncturist courses, is a part-time acupuncturist. Instead of the standard injection of Novocaine, he applies needles to various parts of the body. "I had one patient who had to be hospitalized for simple fillings because he couldn't control his ringing," he says. "After he was referred to me I spent five hours trying out a system of needles to help him. Now that I've worked it out, it takes me less time to apply acupuncture than it takes to give a hypodermic."

A further area of debate is whether acupuncture is an effective treatment of addictions and habits. Bailey says he has used it successfully to help patients quit smoking. Bailey, who counsels an average of 30 patients a week and charges from \$25 to \$50 a visit, says that while the patient must have the will-power to stop smoking, acupuncture acts as "dulling the withdrawal symptoms of excessive appetite, anxiety and the desire to smoke."

Eventually, Gaoxin would like to see the art categorized under the jurisdiction of the Dragées Practitioner's Act, which already covers acupuncturists, massage men and chiropractors and physiotherapists. As he awaits a decision on his future, he takes comfort in history: "Acupuncture has been practiced and preserved for thousands of years by different Chinese emperors. It has survived. The only part of the law"

**Alan Eagleson
flies Air Canada
on business.**

**HIS AGENT
RECOMMENDS US.**

Alan Eagleson flies across continents
at the drop of a pack. To service his
clients or to watch them play. And,
given a choice, Alan Eagleson's agent
books him on Air Canada mostly
because Air Canada gives
him more choice.

More flights to more
places than any
other airline in
Canada, freshly
prepared meals.

friendly Canadian service and consistent
on-time performance make Air Canada
Alan Eagleson's first choice for business
trips across Canada or to Europe (with
connections beyond).

Ask your travel agent or Air Canada
to give you the Executive Choice.
No other airline has it.

As Alan Eagleson says: "I demand
the best for myself and my clients.
This is not negotiable."

AIR CANADA

THE EXECUTIVE CHOICE

Alan Eagleson, Q.C. Director, Big Brothers of Metropolitan Toronto



IT Taste the secret of Glayva Scotch Liqueur.

Only one man knows the secret recipe of Glayva Scotch Liqueur. Michael Morrison of Edinburgh.

We know he starts with fine quality Scotch Whisky. But it's the mysterious herbal blend that makes Glayva Scotch Liqueur.

Glayva Scotch Liqueur.

Michael Morrison mixes the herbs himself. Behind locked doors. Just as his forebathers have been doing for generations. The famous... Morrison family secret.

You'll never know it. But you can share it with friends.



Mr. Michael Morrison. (Photograph by Alan S. Miller)

Music For the record



THERE & BACK
Jeff Beck
Epc: 028

THE WORLD OF EDGERTON
Devin and Carlos Santana
Columbia: 0301

While many of the jammers who followed Miles Davis into jazz-rock fusion now lie buried in Miami, two guitar heroes of the '60s rock wars, Jeff Beck and Carlos Santana, still rule over this terrain having a wonderful time. Both albums are soloist's holidays displaying sporty stylings out of the grab bag of rock penmanship. Long on uneasy licks, fat tone and major-sharp riffing, There & Back has Beck well unshod from the cooled spring of Wind, the album that defined him as the kid gunner out to spring gass. After three cuts, he finally unleashes abrasive keyboard player Jim Hammer and glides into full power. Slightly more mellow, and with many more twists, Santana's Fuego has Carlos' guitar hand in a strictly support role and it seems emanates more... in concert, his frenetic guitar playing, letting Wayne Shorter's sun solo cool the famous Latin azulejo.

KANSAS CITY HUSTLE
Jay McShann
Savoy

Jay McShann is a big man, a sometime leader of jive-drive big bands, and the sound that comes from his piano is as solid and virile as the Kansas City '60s he invokes with every turn of a musical phrase. Recorded in Topeka at the same 1978 sessions as Joe A. Tribute to Fred Weller, Kansas City Hustle is a welcome second helping of McShann alone in the studio. This time, with no special homage, he dares back into a stirring variety of blues by Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk and himself. A true set of a vocal, a barn really, fingers over some tracks, in what seems an off-handed tact. But don't be fooled: McShann's piano-bar ease masks a stealth and precision which moves even a first listening

Bart Testa

Less push. More whoosh!



Presenting the first Self-Propelled Vac with E.S.P.

Because it's self-propelled, it glides effortlessly forward or backward. The gentle command of your finger tips on the Touch Control handle is all it takes.

With the flip of a switch, E.S.P., Extra Suction Power kicks in. 50% more suction power on the average than previous uprights from Eureka.



Vibra-Groomer II gets out deep down dirt.

It has the exclusive Eureka Vibra-Groomer II, a brush roll with seven (count 'em, seven) beater bars to loosen even deep down dirt, so that Extra Suction Power can whoosh it away.

Ask your Eureka dealer for a demonstration of the Eureka Self-Propelled E.S.P. upright—the vac that doesn't have to be pushed (or pulled) to get the job done.

EUREKA
Has The Power.



Move forward and back with finger tip touch.



For Details Contact: Eureka, Inc., 10000 108th Street, Overland Park, KS 66210 or 913-967-8500. © 1984 Eureka, Inc.



Back-off contest at Bremo's in a speed that leaves men walking like Walter Brennan

RIDIN' HIGH

The Urban Cowboy clears out the disco saloon

By Thomas Hopkins

arousing. Then Bown dashed her heels into the lifeless sides of Belford—a rattling, merchanting, mercantile lead at the Vancouver borderland. Bremo's. The 16-year-old had bagged Whitley, the bell's operator, to let her ride at nine, the highest speed and one that regularly left men walking like Walter Brennan for a week. She pleaded she had ridden well at five and seven "Okay," breathes Whitley, and for 30 seconds Bown rode like a Prairie twister, hair and cowboy hat flying through smoke-dogged air to cross of "nitrodyne cowboy" and a standing ovation from

the 180 Coca-Cola cowboys and cowgirls watching.

Belford is one symbol of what has come to be called Urban Cowboy after the John Travolta movie released in June. Since then yippee-yi-ah western is its most resonant form has rolled up the West Coast of the U.S., into Vancouver and began to track east. In Toronto, this month saw the opening of the Wild Wild West Show in the laid-back Stoway Hotel; three hours of chuckwagon dinner theatre starring 35 Dalton gang look-alikes and saloon girls. In Vancouver, clubs with names like Gunthers and Gunites recently have risen from the sparkling ashes of failed disco. They're packed every night with suburban cowboys dressed like Huddy Duddy is \$300. Tiny Laura, a skin-tight cowboy boots, seven-ring satin cowboy shirts and silver belt buckles sporting tassellizations on the size of robin's eggs.

Boots at Urban Cowboy: *mariepicks*

In Vancouver, cowboy hats fast like flies above most crowds. Country-rock bands that have starved in seedy up-country legend halls and dark bar parlors are dandily turning down booking after booking.

Following half a decade of brittle posturings and the artless compartmentalizing of disco, a return to the roots of country, even a tattered-up downtown country, is a refreshing change. As music Urban Cowboy has little to do with the Grand Ole Opry and bluegrass, that's traditional country music and that will be around long after Urban Cowboy is remembered as the late show. What is drawing the tattered, honed sons of the new country fat is rooted in the guitars and sweet pedal steel of San Bell pop—a potent Texas brew combining equal parts country-and-western lassos and rock 'n' roll. Belford also called Bremo's Country, it was born in roadhouses around Austin, Tex., in the early 1970s, dished out by the weathered likes of Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson, and polished by lead boys from the new South such as Charlie Daniels and Alabama. Seven country hits, most from the Urban Cowboy movie soundtrack, currently at the top of pop music charts. The record tracks are No. 1 or North American country charts most of the summer, with an unprecedented four No. 1 singles plucked from the shelves.

Since the spring, film, fashion, even advertising have showcased a Western. Witness the movies *Braveheart*, *Cool Moon's Daughter*, *Maniacal Man* and soon to be featuring this year, your theatres: *Braveheart's Gets*, *Clint Eastwood's Asa White Way Yea Can*, and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. In Canada, even the most ardent attraction of a pedal-steel guitar is given added juice by the cushiony, virility and whimsy of the Canadians West. Belford, thanks to J.R. and his nightshark snap Golden cowboy in every song.

Certainly the success of stadium-size Gilley's, aka Houston, Tex., which can hold up to 6,000 patrons at \$10 to \$15 a hat, has convinced several Canadian club owners that the future is in silver boot-tops and bellies Vancouver's De rock Whales, 28, is a believer. In the past decade, his partner's venerable old Banister Hotel in Gastown has earned the moniker of Paddy's, an Irish pub, and then Dimples, a disco with \$200,000 worth of state-of-the-art sound and light equipment. Once died a sudden death at the end of 1978, he sighs. "One weekend we were full, at least 200 people. A few days later, we were empty. And then, one day, we got booked again, as if nothing had happened." So Whales took a side-guitarra in Dimples' mirrored walls and opened in June as Bremo's. And the 400,000 disco electrons?

Says Parkhouse easily: "We now have terrific sound systems for a cowboy bar."

Bever Judd, 28, took over the fading Tramp disco in Gastown and opened Cowgill's in April after "getting drunk with an L.A. fashion designer one night" and being convinced that West, in the short term, was best. He, too, is not disppointed. Cowgill's is packed tightly, with increasingly lavishly dressed bachelors and bachelorettes. On weekends, bimbo cake down Alberni Street and Judd has recently opened Cowgill II, with more disks planned. Upon its return, former starlet strip-artist, Greek, high-kicks and she wore for the opening charity \$100,000 (Jan. 1), in Vancouver. At least three more are planned for the next few months. Belford the bar for moonbathers, almost all existing disco in Vancouver have at least one open. "Toronto will go a little country,"

Boots (above), collar by *Boots* more like a *disco* than a trendPresentation pieces of *cowboys* equal in the most complete formPresentation pieces of *cowboys* equal in the most complete form

Horror cowboy: white three-piece suit stay in the closet

SHEAFFER

The Rolling Ball Pen by Sheaffer is distinctively right for those of us who demand more from the things we own. And more from the things we give to people we care about.

Look for the Sheaffer White Dot — your assurance of exceptional craftsmanship.

Share your good taste.
Give a Sheaffer.

SHEAFFER ENJOY TEXTRON
Sheaffer Enjoys Textron
Sheaffer Enjoys Textron



Model shown. Type 304
Corporation Pen. For
details call 1-800-221-3000
or write.

Have you sent a child a gift of love?



For just \$23.00 a month, you or your group can give a needy child and family the vital necessities of life and the precious gift of hope. Please, share your love. Send your help now.

Call toll free anytime

1-(800)-268-7174

In British Columbia, 112-(900)-268-7174.

Information will be sent immediately or, fill in the coupon below.

PLAN

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA

150 ST. CLAIR AND THE WEST TORONTO CANADIANA 1979

I would like to be a Foster Parent of a boy girl age

Country or where the need is greatest

I enclose my first payment of \$23.00 Monthly \$23.00 Quarterly

\$135.00 Semi-Annually \$270.00 Annually

I can't become a Foster Parent right now, however, I enclose my contribution of \$

Please send me instant information Tell Me

Name Address City Province Code

I wish correspondence with PLAN to be in English French

PLAN operates in twelve countries: Ecuador, El Salvador, Egypt, Guatemala, Honduras, India, Indonesia, Mali, Mexico, Peru, the Philippines, Sri Lanka, Turkey, and Venezuela.

The Fostering Organization is the Foster Parents Plan of Canada, a legally registered Canadian Non-Profit Organization.

1-349-90

says Diane Piron of Urban Cowgirl, "but you won't see people walking down Bay Street hawking in tight black pants" in Quebec as well, where Urban Cowgirl does to Ville doesn't open until next month. "Nugget" popular country-and-western remains the sole preserve of laid-back collar and rural fans. Elias Dabbs of Kilkenny's of Montreal western outfitters recently returned from a Western Canadian swing, bemusing



Old-time cowboys in Kamloops, related in the boisterous realities of the open range

what he saw as the continental presentation of Newmarketers, which have resulted in an staggering increase in sales. While those in the competition in the West have gone up by 20 percent, the West has gone up by 100 percent.

The question of why women and why now, when pound for pound disco divas and dandies who wouldn't know a burlie from a burlie's blemisher, is usually answered by the word sex.

"This just isn't an plastic audience," says 18-year-old Randy Smith of Vancouver. "If people feel sexually, they can dance smexy." He's outfitted in a dark \$75 rabbit-fur felt hat, dark-blue half-open cavalry tunic and dusty-toed pointed-toe cowboy boots. As he flouts through the smoke and dia of Cowboys, the floor shoves with dozens of booted feet "stampin' it out." They're dancing the sophisticated verbiage of the Cattlemen's Joe or the Texas Four Corners complete with the sweet virginia way of the two-step, sensuously throwing in a giddy disco synapsis before natching themselves. "It doesn't matter if you don't know how to dance," says Gwen Matson, 32, from under a 10-

A moment to remember.
A vodka to remember. Silhouette.





You can pour whisky

'Cowboys are the last real men alive'



Cowboy lineage (above) and patrons (right, Forbes far right) bring from the ashes of faded glory



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID DOWD



year-old Grey Cup survivor Stetson. "You can make a fool of yourself." Any one who has survived through undaunted pillars at a swigging session, got by and this result, as at the best of swigging dancings and even on a hankie-tanu dance floor, can be an exuberant, elbow-high, hands-on-strong with strangers. For the young, especially the urban young, called by the artless lowness of even the old dances of their rural cousins as a happy revelation.

Inevitably, a ranks-below lifestyle generates disposable fashions. "Do you realize," asks Browne's Forbes, "how many white, three-piece suits are hanging in closets right now?" Gerald Taback of Vancouver's Geralds Shop says orders for western hats are back up 300 to 400 per cent over last year, with the percentage of western hat sales rising from 10 per cent two years ago to 75 per cent today. Says Taback: "We used to be happy with \$600 on a Saturday. Now, if we don't do \$5,000 we're unhappy." Customers might buy mink coats for \$250, a Biltmore fur-felt hat for \$150 or maybe the chink of spurs for \$15 to \$400 (gold-plated). "And we're still at the bottom of the demand cycle," says Taback, apocryphically

"The East hasn't even begun."

Both longtime western outfitters and veteran packers share the sentiment of James Rogers, owner of Stampede Tack Livery in B.C.'s Fraser Valley, when he says, "Style always outlasts fashion." Still, even as rural pickup cowboys hang up their hats in protest against the blossoming of the drugstore imitation, country rockers are nervously swiveling their shiny new fangs. "This is the first time I've ever been in," says Eric Lindstrom, guitarist for Spokane-based Steve Johnson. The almost dazed driving jazz makes the rounds of Vancouver pop clubs side-by-side. What do you call a rock musician who starts playing country? "An ex-employee of an ex-cowboy," 12-year veteran of the country-and-western poverty and honor of the Vancouver band, The Shady Gang, is still reverberating. "It was normal until May," he marvels. "Then I went on vacation and when I got back my phones were burning up."

Ands from the demand for the music, downtown-city cowboys have inevitably shrunked apopulation about the Duke Wayne symbol of it all and what its popularity signifies. Certainly, a knuckle-littering era that generates books with titles such as *Real Men, Sex and Style in an Uncertain Age* can find temporary relief in the bovine vertiges of the open range. "When times get tough



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID DOWD

Backpack, setting the air for cowboy

we look for simple answers," says University of British Columbia psychologist Stanley Coren, "and cowboys only come in two categories: good and bad, smart and dumb." Certainly the acts take of western trend Urban Cowboy is not traditional they like it. There is no gunfight on the dance floor and the stage is (mostly) not schoolsmores. Thelma Ritter in *The Shaggs* summed up the

attraction perfectly two decades ago when she turned to Marilyn Monroe and said of an aging but wily Clark Gable, "Cowboys are the last real men alive." In Gable's, in L.A.'s Palomino Club or *Canadian Cowboys*, women are apt to do the asking on the dance floor and often wrangler men three to two. "Forward women," says Judd in the cluttered office of *Cowboys II*. "It's so remarkable because it's so different from disco."

Like most fashions, however, and unlike this true grit country-and-western underground, *Salvation Canyon* tends to dominate and alter class mentality. If it thrives, and it's doing well, it will be because the masses are living and voting the democratic economy and taste and the beer cost. R&B, fads can exert a paradigm shift. Dennis Parker has survived his leather pub and his dreams. Now he stands in his straw-roofed hut, Gable's belt buckle and newspaper bags in care full of West Vancouver kids putter up Carrall Street. "I wonder where we'll be 18 months from now," he smorts, a tone tamed to the human comedy. "The club will probably be featuring bag bands and I'll be greeting you at the door in a tuxedo." □

With this: Tom Barlow, Matthews in Toronto. Alan Brown in Montreal and Lawrence O'Toole in New York.

or you can
pour a **LEGEND.**



CANADIAN LEGEND

A 6 year-old whisky with all the smooth, mellow taste that earned the name, CANADIAN LEGEND.



PHOTO: STYLING: G. G.



Gillespie (left) & White dispelling the need for another notary as competition

says Fred Reissner, professor of law at Osgoode Hall Law School in Toronto. "In this computerized age, it is ludicrous for this manor to be conducted by two or three people." As well, most negligence claims against B.C. lawyers are related to land transactions, pointing out the fallibility of lawyers themselves.

Reissner and other researchers recommended in a 1978 study for the Ontario attorney-general's professional organization committee that the lawyers' monopoly on certain uncomplicated legal functions be reconsidered. Their suggestion was not acted upon, leaving B.C. as the only province that permits notaries to perform legal work without a lawyer's control. In other provinces, notaries are limited to witnessing documents, taking affidavits and swearing oaths. Notaries in Quebec are really a branch of the legal profession since they have to go to law school for three years and can give legal advice on non-controversial matters, something B.C. notaries are expressly forbidden to do.

Although notaries in B.C. have handled land transactions since the mid-19th century, it is only with the current unemployment crisis among law school graduates that the profession is casting glances at the notaries share of the market. "This year to date, 370 law graduates have been called to the bar, a 30-per-cent increase from last year," points out Ray Heber, treasurer of the B.C. Law Society. "Where's the business going to come from to keep them going?" These 370 are more than the total number of notaries practicing, but that has not increased the pressure to prevent notaries from converging. For the lawyers asking for most of the legal services per se is a solution that requires as sacrifice on their part, as opposed to limiting law school enrolment or lowering their rates.

If White loses, it may be the beginning of the end for notaries. The stand B.C. Law Society is embarrassed and divided by the whole affair. But provincial Vancouver trial lawyer H. A. D. Oliver told the notaries at their conference last month: "If the foolish and ill-considered attacks by lawyers on future notarial agreements in this province continue, we will go out and prevail upon the courts of British Columbia to say: 'No body of men entrusted with public duties can be heard to say that the number of notaries must be kept down in order that their personal interests might not be advanced.' " Which is just so much lawyerly rhetoric to say that Barbara White wants to be part of the competition. Mark Badgley

Justice

A squeeze play between legal eagles and sparrows

When Barbara White of Vernon, B.C., decided three years ago to become a notary public, her motives combined altruism with self-advertisement. As a notary, she would be keeping the cost of real estate transactions down because, unique to B.C. in Canada, she wouldn't have to charge lawyers' fees. And it would give her a chance to cash in on the document-processing accompanying the town's lucrative real estate boom. Upon successfully completing courses and meeting all the other standards, she asked the B.C. Supreme Court last May for her license to practice. But the response to White's routine request for a notary seal has been anything but a rubber stamp. The Vernon Bar Association challenged her on the grounds that there was no need for her services since real estate conveyancing in the town of 21,000 was handled adequately by 38 lawyers and three existing notaries. The polished and expensive handle has left free-enterprise White "just stranded," as she waits for her case to be heard by a B.C. Supreme Court judge on November 7. "Why," she asks, "should I have to prove my services are needed? Let the public decide that."

With B.C. real estate prices increasing by 30 per cent over last year—and well above the national average—home buyers are looking for any breaks they can find. On average, B.C.'s 35 notaries charge about one-third less than lawyers for conveying since they have less overhead than lawyers and specialize in real estate work, though with



Reissner's advice not always needed

98.1 OF A KIND CHFI



For your own copy of this poster, send \$2 to CHFI Poster No. 935, Adelaide Street East, Toronto, M5C 1E3

Echoes of an anguished evangelist

THE THIRD TEMPTATION
by Charles Templeton
(McGraw and Stewart) \$10.95

On a chill winter afternoon in 1955, an evangelist named Jimmy Cooley—an obscure man whom the press liked to call "the thumping man" (Billy Graham)—was sitting in an office on the campus of Drexel University listening to one of the brightest students of the Ivy League, Roger Whitman, who wanted to discuss his lack of faith. "If you were to ask me where I am today," Whitman explained, "I'd have to say I'm an atheist." Whitman was a skilled debater; his arguments against faith were sharp and well put. But over a period of three hours, Cooley's insistence that there was a God, that in His name, he could take religion seriously. His unbelief was shaken and he left Cooley thanking him for making him think again. The evangelist, it seemed, had triumphed again, bringing yet another soul to a new life.

days had come on an unseasonable with frost or sleet with a snow storm striking so hard a snow storm or blizzard of snow that the city's streets were like rivers, moving like water under the winter light.

Jimmy Cooley, walking down the snow on his shoulders, his dark pants when he too had a snow, convincing himself that was.

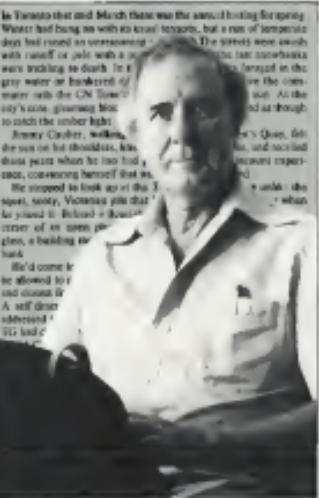
We stopped to look at the 3 snow, snow, Victoria pine that he joined in. Behind a snowdrift corner of an even more perfect, a building in back.

"It'd come to it and down it. A stiff winter addressed."

30 and c

But was not *An Charles Templeton* written of the main figure in *The Third Temptation*? "Akron, Jersey was impressed - it broke on him what right did he have to intrude in Roger Whitting's life, pass to the cause of St? And by right did he stand night after night face tens of thousands, offering them all to God when he was not prepared to do so himself?" For Coulter was the beginning of the end in the ministry. For sayers who have followed Templeton closely over the years, it is almost mere to be familiar. Templeton has it in conversations in mind, the only difference being that the evangelist was not Coulter, but himself, who, at the peak of his career as a preacher, found himself no longer able to believe. In company with the students, Tale was the turning point, shortly after that he left the church.

The Third Temptation — the story of a young man from a poor family in Toreto who works successfully for a legal paper, is converted to the Christian faith and goes on to become a celebrated evangelist — is drawn deeply from Temptation's own tumultuous past. While he did not achieve the same degree of



Temperature partitioning with self-heating

ly he grants Coulter ("his picture on the covers of *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *New and World Report*, *Absolutely and Plain Truth*"), Templer added, as Coulter is, an evangelist who was also a compelling preacher, he also has the enter and enter of the trusted Coulter with a rare intensity. When Coulter delivers his sermons, they resonate with echoes of fiction, his diatribes over reading the careers of an old army in *Sybil N. S.*, in the early '50s "What then is proof of God?" It is the changed lives of those who believe in him. The stories of Coulter are the miracle of his life.

transformations. Look at his discourses before the resurrection; they were glowing bunches of unadulterated ardor, full-witted, self-seeking and truthful. But what were they after resurrection? Overnight they were changed. They became men all alive with ardor and bold with courage. Ineffable

mystery? They . . . they are the proof?"

Dempster may have lost his faith but he never lost his fascination with faith nor has he lost his hunger for the high idealism. Thus he is a man of decency. He is the victim of the frenzy of man and the evil of a world that has rejected the message of Jesus in favor of personal power and lust to hurt others rather than to help them. The world—Europe and Israel—is made vivid in Hugh Hoffmann, a man who contains a huge Toronto newspaper (a paper print in profile but soaring in influence), who sits set in destiny. Custer's character by having his editors and reporters dig up his past and present, his sexual life, his marital relationships, his financial affairs. Hoffmann—raised in small-town Ontario as a conservative evangelical sect but turned agnostic—is unwilling to let his bitterness and his reach out to formula integrity to discredit Custer, who remains at the peak of his life. He is a parochial Toronto, bordered

with his self-deceit.
The Third Temptation is Templeton's best work. In evangelical life and the media he is moving through worlds he hardly loves well. His sense of the women who inhabit these lands is sure and strong and their attraction ring with wisdom, recall John O'Hara and his refuge in the country clubs of upper-middle-class America. Templeton moves with simple characterizations of every novel and has begun to change we did not know he had.

Kenneth Bagwell

Blinkers on the nation's conscience

CANADIAN HISTORY: THE INDIAN STORY
Family Within Shattered

“We just buy dinky little papers. Sometimes I cringe to look at them,” St. Clair McCabe, president of Thomas Newsgroup



Trust Allied. The careful movers for 50 years.

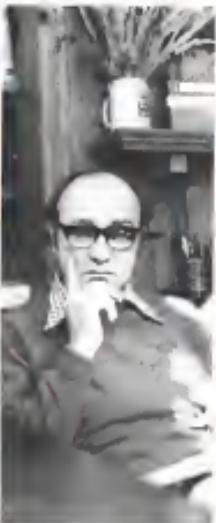
It's known as The Cream.



pers, one said. McCabe's admission, uttered before Thomson bought the *Star*, was even then only a half-truth. The Thomson monocle also helps denigrate papers and reduces them to dinky little papers, as, as witnessed on Black Wednesday, August 27—when Thomson and Southern simultaneously closed down two of the country's oldest newspapers—slabs them to death with sharp pencils.

For some reason the gravity of this scandal, which rocks the Canadian public's faith in the media's veracity, has not been thoroughly acknowledged. Nor have the internal workings and attitudes that inform so much of the news been properly dissected, even in media circles. *Canadian Newspapers* does just this, daring to describe how astutely did the emperors of Canadian daily papers actually are. The reminiscences of newspaper veterans are all the more credible for their ready confessions of personal shortcomings as well as those of the newspaper culture. The very editor, current as the author, paints is of a hideously and hideflyingly conservative world. The subtle links of appointment are spelled out and the self-en-

Harvey's is very Many of dead flowers.



ty'ewriter (-pri-) *n.* Machine for writing in characters like those used in printing, by pressing keys to actuate steel types that strike paper through inked ribbon; (arch.) typist. [f. TYPE + WRITER]

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English, 2nd Edition.

Any typewriter will meet the dictionary definition.

So why buy a Brother?

Because Brother doesn't build its typewriters by the book. It builds more into them. So you get more out of them.

Like the Brother Correct-O-Rite II Cassette Electric Typewriter.

If you make a typing error, the built-in correction system erases it for you. And you never have to remove a Brother cassette to make a correction.

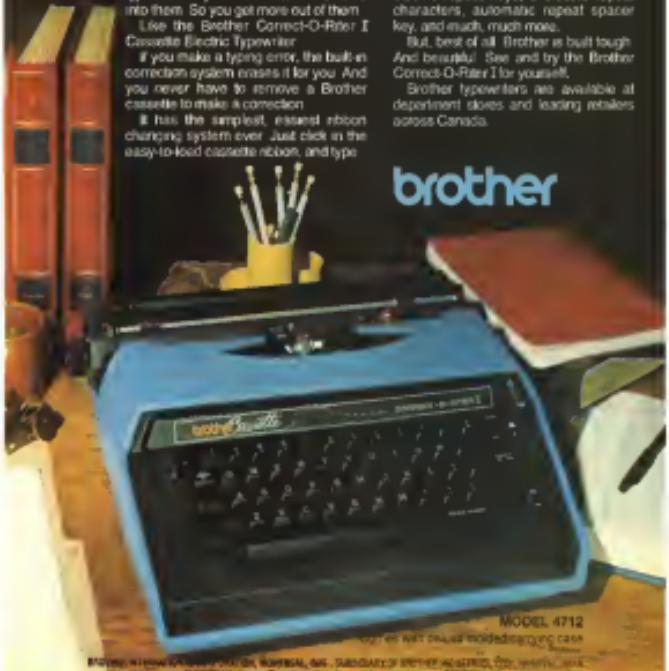
It has the simplest, easiest ribbon changing system ever. Just click in the easy-to-feed cassette ribbon, and type.

There's a host of other features, too, that give you superb typing with ease. Swift and silent electric carriage return. Electric powered repeat backspace. 3 electric repeat keys, 8 electric repeat characters, automatic repeat spacer key, and much, much more.

But, best of all, Brother is built tough. And beautiful. See and try the Brother Correct-O-Rite II for yourself.

Brother typewriters are available at department stores and leading retailers across Canada.

brother



MODEL 4712

100% RECYCLED MOULDED CARrying CASE

© 1987 BROTHER INDUSTRIES, LTD., BROTHER INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NY 10016



This winter, try summer.

Put winter in cold storage and let us find you a warm sun-spot. Our first-hand knowledge moves a world of difference.

P LAWSON
TRAVEL

associated with
VINTAGE AIR TRAVEL

more than 40 offices across Canada

sorship is grafting, with the primary blushing on the shoulders at the top.

What emerges is not only a substantial textbook but a highly entertaining read laced with rich veins of newspaper lore from the brawling West Coast style of *The Vancouver Sun* to the dawning temperance of the *Haldimand Chronicle-Herald*. There are lamentations for the stories that never saw the light of day and rebukes for the rare occasions when a naif, publicist galvanized the imagination of his staff. The most substantial pieces are Dennis Gruending's on Sudbuk's Star-Phoenix, his poignant recollection of dreams dashed, Walter Stewart's description of journalistic burgeoning grown impenetrable at the *Toronto Star* and Damiono Goff's masterful analysis of the purpess of the commercial press in Quebec that could be anywhere.

Novelist *Then Andies*' chapter on *The Vancouver Sun* is the front-runner in the laughter stakes. The bantam-sized part of Vancouver newspapering is populated by more characters per square foot of cigarette-burned newsroom floor than anywhere else. *Andies*' anecdotes ring with the clutter and clink of typewriters and drinking glasses. Of reporter *Gar MacInnis*, he writes: "Straight out of *The First Page*, he worked the police beat for years... I can't tell you how close we were... But he never let that relationship interfere with his professional duty... I happened to mention it—it was in the nature of a confession, you see—all the more strange it was that the last couple of six-month-long benders had taken place so *way off*. The next time I saw *Gar*, had turned me in to the cops as a suspect."

A blueprint for a better press can't be found on these pages. Rather, the book reads like a sorry litany of the deep flaws of Canadian newspapering, and is worth for that reason. The most dangerous affliction is the blindness of newspaper owners to anything other than right-wing interpretations of the news. Gruending writes: "The Bibles and company loyalty and personal conservatism are their basis for protection, and most of the ideologues were in line." Harry Midgley, when this criticism "Wide Southern Press" claims, and I do not doubt that it is true, that it does not interfere with its publishers' authority, it is also true that people do not reach positions of power within the organization unless their ideas and opinions are congenial to those of the establishment.

Among its resident or local political columnists the *[Montreal] Journal* has no one who is strongly anti-establishment; it has no one well-known as a "progressive"; it has no one from the political left.

What this book does reveal, and com-

petently, is the self-imposed blinkers of the Canadian press. *The Canadian Press*—suppliers of the newspaper industry included—is being denied a true diversity of outlook and ultimately, if those blinkers are not removed, a diversity of political options.

Burke Zwickler

Fuzzed at the edges like a Nerf ball

HAPPENSTANCE
by Carol Shields
McGraw-Hill Ryerson \$14.95

Jack Bowman has two decent kids, they tend to be about his wife, Brooks—"a quilt-maker in her own right," as a neighbor once introduced her. They live in a pleasant suburb of Chicago, he works as an historian, and every Friday he and Renée Keltz get together over so-so real to talk about *Asian Economy*, for instance, really got there going that one week, when his wife files off a craft show in another city, just creeps into Bowman's life. Maybe he and Renée are, as he puts it, just "a couple of self-conseas, stand-ease, midwestern pseudo-intellectuals, tongue loosened on cheap wine and cheap cigarettes."

Bowman has lost all sense of connection between his work and daily life. The book he is writing has stalled at

Shields' much-admired *Happily Ever After*



chapter 8, and anyway a long-lost girl-friend is going to beat him into print with a book on the same gotten-up subject. The distant mirror of history, for the free being, is fogged over. It takes the absence of his wife, a neighbor's attempted suicide and the discovery that he can't, has never, changed his own tie-wrapping ribbon, to pull him back in touch with reality.

As it was rather, *Happenstance* is a sensitive novel about the small, cruel dramas in a happy, average family—just about the hardest thing to write, in other words. Carol Shields, the author of *Small Ceremonies* and *The Box Garden*, happens to be a writer of genuine sensitivity, with a generous, quick-witted style, but here she appears to be straining to write *about* sensitivity. Her language often sounds self-consciously elevated, as if she's writing in a academic environment. She has a weakness for dry wit, as in another character's "brown" comment, "in other words, 'brown' and 'orange'." It's catchy, but solving the son as "fuzzed at the edges like a Nerf ball" is one of these perennials of the exaggeration that should have been given the book an editor.

Like the historian who learns that the study of events has walled him off from experience, Shields is a gifted novelist whose love of language tends to get in the way of her writing.

Maryl Jackson

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Possessor*, King (1)
- 2 *Jesus Then and Now*, Ryther (2)
- 3 *The Fifth Horseman*, Collins (8)
- 4 *Caprice* (4)
- 5 *The Romanov Mystery*, Lutjens (2)
- 6 *Portrait of a Gentleman*, MacLaine (4)
- 7 *Reindeer Woods*, Plain (8)
- 8 *Seize, Hippo!* (7)
- 9 *Fever*, Jones (8)
- 10 *Princess Oakley*, Atlanta (8)
- 11 *State of the Fathers*, Hinckley (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Third Wave*, Toffler (1)
- 2 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813*, Barton (3)
- 3 *How to Read Your Money and Your Mind* (2)
- 4 *Good Form Influence*, Franklin (4)
- 5 *Catch Me If You Can*, Atkinson (4)
- 6 *Shady Whites* (3)
- 7 *They Helped Her Wife*, Tolosa (6)
- 8 *James Herriot's Yorkshire*, Herriot (2)
- 9 *Missing in Turbulent Times*, Tolosa (2)
- 10 *The Freshman*, Ning (8)
- 11 *Fire to Choose*, Friedman (8)
- 12 *Prisoners of War*



We Orb It
SO YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW
REAL HARRIS TWEED.



WE HAVE THE TRADITION'S LONG HISTORY. THE WORLD'S MOST DRASTIC REQUIREMENT: TWEED HANDWOVEN OF 100% VIRGIN SCOTTISH WOOL IN THE OLDEST HEPBURN ISLANDS.

Great Wines from Italy Chiarli

LAMBRUSCO CASTELVETRO

A pleasing semi-sweet cracking red table wine with a distinctive tart taste that is suitable for most occasions. Outstanding with meat foods.

TERIAN

A delicious semi-sweet white cracking wine with a delightful bouquet.



Canadian Agent: Seveno Schenck Agencies Ltd., Toronto, Canada

I nominate Toller Cranston for Miss World Canada

By Barbara Amiel

When the telephone rang in August and a voice asked me to be a judge in the Miss World Canada Pageant, my heart quivered. Among my many instructed ligies is a weakness for watching beauty contests. There is for me a musical quality about the entire proceeding—the melody of whispering voices, hesitantly giving audience little thoughts about world peace from lips-glossed mouths perched on glowing bodies, all sun-kissed and swaying. It's so deliciously vulgar. But, the contest presented problems since it required a two-day stay in Ottawa. The vans at the phone parred. "We need you for so long because we want you to receive a Distinguished Canadian Award at our television pageant." I was moved. It was, I must, unnecessary to groan for an award but I would be a judge. Monday, I had the Distinguished Canadian Award here to day, and tomorrow by the time I showed up in Ottawa, none had gone, never to be mentioned again.

During the contest, many things were here today, gone tomorrow. Delta Leslie Nielsen, who was getting a Distinguished Canadian Award, was supposed to be a judge until he looked at the printed programs and discovered he was a substitute for Christopher Plummer who couldn't make it. Nielsen's opinion of this bit of understanding was revealed in his subsequent use of a device from Los Angeles which, when squinted, attains the sound of a stationary car's possess known infamously as "braking wind." Madame Beaufit was also down in the program along with co-announcer Ken Taylor. Malone B was nowhere to be seen, and Taylor was asked to be a judge but only to accept his (no) visa. When I looked at the program I discovered that I was a last-minute substitute for Toronto fashion designer Linda Landström who was edged out because Ottawa haute couture Richard Blaikie had simply swanned when he heard

there was another designer on the stage. I didn't mind being a sub for the talented Miss Landström, but all things considered I would have preferred to be a substitute for Madame Beaufit. Or even Christopher Plummer.

At the judges' briefing we were told not to concentrate on beauty. True, there was a bathing suit competition, but we should restrain ourselves from judging on "gracefulness of figure" and look instead for "intelligence and warmth." This struck fellow judge and

"have legs." "How would you describe Canadians to the world?" we asked her. She struggled. "I would describe Canadians to the world in that beauty is not just how you look but how you feel inside, and helping others like the handicapped is something that I feel really deeply about because Canadians are friendly and warm and the weather is not too hot or cold here but just really nice. Thank you very much."

Since pants allotted to interviews for overweighted bathing suit pants, these lucky contestants who made it to the evening gown semifinals tended to be the verbally most, but physically least, attractive. When winner Toller Cranston arrived to receive his visa, dressed in a black leotard, Valentine's Day flowers, velvet blazer and broad belt, he was clearly the winner of the evening gown contest, as well as being the most effective verbal communicator around. For a moment I considered whether our human rights commissioners would suggest his right to be Miss World Canada.

The final decision as the winner was made on the basis of an impromptu question. Host Al Wosman struggled with his French to read it to Miss World Quebec City, who spoke fluently in English. There was no translator available to decipher her answer. Lucky Miss World Quebec City was.

On reflection there was an awful innum to be learned. Beauty contests have been with us forever. Male body-builders train for years to win the Mr. Europe title, fasting for days before the competition to enhance the cut of their muscles. Those who might not excel in the study of theoretical sciences can at least show in the development of patterns. Though it is true that intelligence can enhance beauty, it still takes the ability of our modern sensibilities to relate looks to the most important factor in a beauty contest. Besides, we only handicap our summer. In a recent issue of *Playboy*, a former Miss World was shown in poses that made me think she could not have pole-vaulted.

Beauty having been dismissed, the organizers urged the judges to consider the "communicative abilities" of contestants. The most beautiful girl in the contest came a cropper as her interview which was a Rorschach test all the dimensions when communication abilities are emphasized: smiling beauty contests. Certain themes emerged. "What would you do to improve Canada?" was a popular question. "Make accounting more accessible to the handicapped" was a common response. Pet on Hollywood terms, the handicapped



Barbara Amiel

WALLY CROUTER THE CHAMPION OF BREAKFASTS



Enjoy the most nutritious breakfast cereal in town. Charlie Deneau, Peter Darkona and David Craig with news and views. Bill Shephard with sports and Davideller with his friend's report.

Henry Shassan spots traffic from his Twin Camcorder. Marlene Oliver checks public transportation and Ross Ferrell gives you highway traffic. Peter Hall reports on leisure-time activities in the holiday area. Keeping the ingredients perfectly balanced is Wally's art, dash and essential one-liners. Scary Crickle and Pug!

Wake up to Toronto's best mornings with the Wally Crouter Show



5:30-10:00 A.M. MONDAY-FRIDAY

CFRB 1010

THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO



Waging bloody war against the whites



THE CHAM OF JAMES BLACKSMITH

Directed by Fred Schepisi

In 1900 1870, when it became the first Australian film to compete officially at the Cannes Film Festival, audience word on *The Cham of James Blacksmith* has been evasive: it was a great work of movie art, but it approached it with expectations commensurate with the "great art" hype surrounding it, and with prove dividends. Fred Schepisi, writer and producer and director of the film, has an endearing and democratic gift for uniting with a camera, yet as exciting, disturbing and deliciously beautiful as some of James Blacksmith's moments are, they never pull together into the kind of reverberating mass that leaves you shamed as great works of art do. The movie has visual depth without an emotional resonance to match, and if there's a story demanding all-out emotional fury it's James Blacksmith's.

Based on true events at the turn of the century when Australia was seeking federation of its colonies, the story follows Jimmie (Tommy Lee), a hill-country shearer brought up by a matriarchy, as he tries to make a living as best a black could at the time. When he builds a fence for a farmer, he's underpaid, and as a tracker of criminals for the police, he's subjected to abuse from his "boss man" and forced to turn against his own kind, for whom he feels an ambivalence anyway. The migrations continue and culminate when a landowner withholds his pay because Jimmie's black family has survived for an extended visit. His white wife (Angela Pandy) and her

lover who plays Jimmie, keeps fighting off the camera, removed from us by tales Jimmie's education on anger doesn't tear at us because it isn't conveyed to us by the star and because the movie's rhythm is too leisurely, lacking fury. The images are spacious, bucolic in their generosity (Schepisi is one of the few directors who knows how to use the wide screen), but that's almost all there is. Schepisi could be a wonderful director—if he found a wonderful screenwriter. Lawrence O'Toole

A fine mind in a freak's body

THE ELEPHANT MAN
Directed by David Lynch

John Hurt is stirred in no mushy tenderness and has an few lines to speak in *The Elephant Man* but he's unable to give a performance. As John Merrick, the "elephant man" born with a hideous birth defect, that is buried under ghastly makeup, with his eyes barely perceptible. It's not enough that Merrick's affection is in shooting in itself, the several visual references to a hell tower turn him into Quasimodo as well. Ripped by a cruel 19th century doctor as a freak in a sideshow (the movie's title is a double entendre), he's also very Dickensian, Mr. Jones, Dr. Frederick Treves (Anthony Hopkins) being interested in him more than from medical to personal. "I pay to God he's an artist," says Treves, but the 21-year-old Merrick has a mind, and a fine one. A human curse, Merrick fascinates the famous actress, Margaret (Madge)

Hurt (left). Hopkins (right) is a marvel

Punch, Lewis: angry spirit of retribution

child hungry, Jimmie goes to the landowner's house with his uncle (Steve Dodd) and, in one of the most shocking sequences executed on film, sees his women to death. Having declared war against the whites, Jimmie, with his younger half-brother (Priscilla Hegnfeld), begins a spree of retributions—Tommie Danner's *Death Valley* loses the suspense.

If we could have been able to see into

the black man's mind and the many shades of hate and confusion reverberating around in it, James Blacksmith would have been unbearably powerful. But Schepisi, as a writer, hasn't the talent to make the dialogue anything more than expository and he isn't very good with actors. Tommy Lee, the un-



**The BV Manhattan.
It's big in the city.**

One ounce of
Black Velvet.
A quarter ounce of
sweet vermouth.
A maraschino
cherry.

Lots and lots of
ice is now de rigeur.
Your friend will
come back and see
you sometime.



Burton Cummings
Jule Styne
Shelley Winters
Bruce Cockburn
Al Waxman
Ronnie Hawkins
Ray Charles
Father Guido Sarducci

ISN'T IT TIME YOU HAD SOME VARIETY TONIGHT?

Otto Preminger
Marc Jordan
Bob and Ray
The Good Brothers
Sylvia Tyson
Big Miller & Tommy Banks
The Canadian Brass
Craig Russell
Benny Goodman
Downchild Blues Band

Complete entertainment. Music, comedy, concerts, interviews, features, you name it—we've got it all.

VARIETY TONIGHT

with host David Cole



Weeknights, 8:00-10:00 p.m. (8:34 MFLD.)

CBC Radio

Kendal (Annie Bassnett), and becomes the new darling of Victorian society before he dies.

The *Elephant Man*, based on a true story and not to be confused with the current play, attempts to show the obvious that beneath that horrible facade is a human being. The screenwriters, however, seem to be at great pains elongating this, at a greater pains to give him a brain. Merrick's speech has been relegated to the shade of idiocy. Bassnett dangers to give a great-lady cause performance as Madge Kendal. It's not actually a performance—she has "dropped it" on the movie to honor her with her presence. Her three short scenes, one of which is a great Merrick in which he attempts to read a passage from *Beowulf* and Jester with her apparently constitutes what was, historically, Merrick's most important relationship.

Director David Lynch (*Eraserhead*) takes an uncharacteristically long time to reveal Merrick physically, having Kurt wall, around with a sack over his head, as if pending a freak for our characters. Lynch is fond of shock, and the techniques he applies to his obviously told story are the sharp taffies better served in a cheap movie. Of all the moving elements in *The Elephant Man*, the most sorely lacking is compassion. It is, perhaps, one of film's larger tragedies that the dead have no presence.

L.O.T.

The strains of mad foolish love

SOMewhere IN TIME
Directed by JOURNAL BEAT

This immensely foolish piece of *remake* art begins with Christopher (Superviseur) Barron being given a pocket watch at the opening of his first play by an old lady who whispers, "Come back to me." Eight years later, now a successful playwright, he takes up in a hotel room, apparently himself back to 1862 and returns to his lover you ever? "Madame, not. You probably shouldn't, either." In her painful reminder the old lady turns out to be lovely Jane Seymour, a famous American actress with a possessed Platonic attachment with a possessed Platonic (Christopher) Barron. The lovers, moving across a gaudy photographic and well-dressed scene, doily all chintz. Barron is a drift, light comedian, a naive hopeful from the *Canyon* school. Seymour is smirking and can act. Plautine keeps a straight, aristocratic pass throughout it all. *Somewhere in Time* is quite silly—a movie to which you can bring your favorite switch of salts and stroke it as you watch mad, foolish love to the strains of Rachmaninoff?

L.O.T.

THE MANAGEMENT OF ENERGY IN CANADA, ONE OF A SERIES.

ENER\$AVE IS PUTTING THE HEAT ON ENERGY LOSS

Home energy audit

That information package is called an "energy audit" and it's done where funds—and money—are looking for it. Each energy audit comes with a breakdown of what it will probably cost you to pay for your house in better order. How much you can save, how much you'll need, and the equipment items it will take for the improvements or up-grades to pay for themselves.

Because you pay for them what they do.

How much can you save? Your home holds the answers.

So here's how *enerSave* you can by asking us for an *Energy Questionnaire*. (We'll call it *enerSave* from now on.) It will ask you a lot of questions about your home. In age, size, type of construction, what kind of fuel you use, and the season of existing insulation. When we receive your answers, we add them to data we already possess on materials, labour, and fuel costs in your region. It all goes into the computer. And a tailor-made money-saving package for your

\$100 million in just the beginning.

In 1980-81, we are looking to double the number of questionnaire handles, and householders will be pleased.

It's easy for you to participate, just fill the

self-same number you see below. Our "HEATLINE" staff can give you on the spot increased information plus details about federal and provincial grant and loan programs.

The *enerSave* Service helps each of us do something to help save our energy. When we do it, you save a lot of money. When millions of Canadians do it, the nation saves a lot of energy. And that is one good way we reduce our dependency on unstable foreign oil supplies. We'll all get what it takes to live energy more wisely. And that's good for everyone, with the right incentives and incentives.

To learn more about *enerSave* Advisory Service write: Box 4510, Station E, Ottawa, K1B 3K2 or telephone 613-565-9563.

There's just one of the ways your energy supplies are being managed. *enerSave* in this issue by Energy, Mines & Resources Canada will add to the story.

Canada
ENERGY. YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES.



MARGARET ATWOOD



LIFE BEFORE MAN

"One of the most important writers in English today." —GLENDA GREEN

Now available in paperback

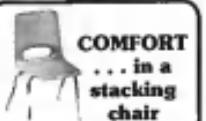
© 1981, BOMONICA/ILLUSTRATION DE GUY BONNETTE
THE MARK OF CANADIAN BESTSELLERS



STRESS.

The more you know about it, the better you cope.

Canadian Mental Health Association



COMFORT ... in a stacking chair

There are many kinds of stacking chairs. These are the kind that are built to last a lot or heavy handling. Built to move good-looking. They're for your club, church or institution. Write for the catalogue.

**STANDARD TUBE
CANADA LIMITED**
Winnipeg, Manitoba N2L 7T6

A case of life impersonating art

THE STUNT MAN
Directed by Richard Rush

Made with a sheer love of moviemaking for people who need it in the remains of movies, *The Shootist* is a truly artful creation—sophisticated and at the same time, terrific fun. It has everything going for it: a wickedly funny script by Lawrence L. Marnie with lines that turn impossible corners like so many road barriers; a wonderful, exhilarating musical score by Donnacha Prentiss; dazzling camera

shots off her face, nothing is what it seems. Does Nina love him, or is she under orders from Cross to keep him on the set? Is Cross trying to kill him or is he a Dostoevsky stand-in?

Everyone is enthralled by Cross, who calls the crew his children and appears out of nowhere as a crane from time to time like Katharine Hepburn in *Sudden, Last Warning*—or God. He knows what everyone is doing (O'Toole even goes with his eyes) and he's always right. Yet the whole movie comes gradually to lose him, despite the abuse he showers on them.

Somehow, director Richard Rush (whose previous films, *Getting Straight* and *Firewater* and *The Bean*, give no indi-



Photographs: Bill Avery

work by Marna Tietz, and slight-off-hand editing. For its first hour, the viewer's eye is so hot as a child's at the circus. The ringmaster—and a truly sophisticated creation himself—is Eli Cross (Peter O'Toole), a mad-genius director making an anti-war tract about the First World War. Cross is a crazy man, a self-styled Don Quixote who'd given his neighbor for an extra day's shooting, and O'Toole gives him a wit quicker than a Gila monster's tongue.

For Cross, nothing can stand in the way of his movie. One of his stunt men drives a Dostoevsky off a bridge, but the blushing matador when an escaping criminal (Steve Kahanoff) enters the scene. The stage man is lifted and Cross, desperately needing three more shooting days, has the fugitive get himself out of hot water.

The criminal, when he's christened Lucy, doubles for the dead stage man, and it's from his perspective that we then watch both movies. Lucy is totally, completely confused by this double world of illusion and disillusionment, and by the audience's behavior of Cross. He meets the leading lady, Nina (Barbara Hershey), made up at an old women's home and fails to love her with whom

comes of this high-flying talent) captures the cruxiness of moviemaking with his extraordinary camera setups and risky scenes. A sleek, dynamic screenwriter (Allen Geierstein), with an idea for a useful grizzled one involving a hilarious paragraphic contraption, is harassed by Cross: "There won't be a dry seat in the house." Crossily though, when the scene is shot, doused if it doesn't work—just like *The Shootist*.

The Mob, the moll, the little trout

GLORIA
Directed by John Cassavetes

If you've got the squarts, you don't go to a movie a little within New York City and not like to come out with the change. That's just one of the reasons why you've probably never seen *Gloria*. John Cassavetes' farce tale set in the clatters of urban night. Child-hater, tough cookie Gloria (Natalia Romanova) loves a Puerto Rican boy



Frontline: Gloria's first in-hand-egg

(John Adams) whose family has been snubbed out by her former friends, the Mob, right off the gates amorphously with a gun and comes to test the little trout at the end of it all. Nowhere is a nervous actress who always responds to the scene as hand rather than the character she's playing, the kid's dialogue is easily overwritten to the point where you feel like asking what college he graduated from. And there are pauses between their conversations during which you could hard-boil a couple of eggs.

L.O.T.

Now, the schlock of your life

PHOBIA
Directed by John Huston

A definitely John Huston's directorial life has not been entirely a shoot-out on the porch of *The Maltese Falcon* and *The African Queen* curiously enough it's subtitled in cleaners like Casino Royale and (God help us) *The Bible*. Nevertheless, it is no natural shame that, after 40 years of overwhelmingly distinguished film-making, Huston had to come to Canada to make what is indisputably the worst film of his career: *Phobia*!

Phobia is the latest of the cheapie sub-0 flicks for which Canada is gaining a world reputation, and it follows the formula almost to the letter. An American star—in this case Paul Michael Glaser of '70's *Starsky and Hutch*—is surrounded by a group of Canadian actors in a city that goes steadily renamed as the Yanks will think. It's use of theirs. Like Huston, Glaser has only one function in this film: to type his best-offer retort, which is depressingly sexist because Phobia has nothing going for it. The script is less implausible than downright stupid. Glaser plays a shrill who is trying



Glasser takes time out and calls in later

to treat five phobic people—criminal volunteers—with a program of behavior modification. They begin to do really one in the way each fears most. By the time we find out who the killer is, we just don't care.

John Guilt

So friendly, so comfortable, and so close.

Only minutes away from
Canada's busiest airport
terminals.



Two exciting destinations



Free shuttle bus service

Once you're here, you'll know you've really arrived. Because we're the airport hotels with the finest cuisine and the liveliest night life.

Have a good night with Hilton.

Montreal Airport
Hilton International
(Dorval)

Toronto Airport
hilton International

For reservations call your Travel Agent, any Hilton or CN Hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

A voyage of discovery for three of the unwise men

By Allan Fotheringham

The train on the road west from Winnipeg goes, stolen from the *Book of Common Prayer* at this time of year, suspended in Indian summer, as it did and bland still, but dexterous and beautiful. A traveler on the road west, mallowing the malice between the glories of civilization, contemplates only one few with. It is that the stars (not stars in the Liberal cabinet)—Tradition, La la la, Pepin—could travel this road past each to comprehend what distance means to the West.

In those fathoming miles skies stretching to the horizon in all directions as if a Pleiades bowl had been planted down in this portion of mankind, is the basic Western Canadian belief in land and property and resources. Distance from one's neighbors constitutes for the earth. Geography becomes a friend, not an enemy. Firm distances not beat.

The road dipped west past Portage la Prairie, Towns ending and beginning, and then they get here—danger behind Carberry, Justice, Two Crooks. We pass Flax, Snowflake and Rapid City. The problem, from the Ottawa mind-set, is the absence of empathy toward the Western feeling on resource ownership. It is one thing not to agree. It is another thing not to understand. The road ends, wavering but never varying from its westward direction, as though this road.

It is not a concept easily grasped by sophisticated men from tightly packed urban centers in Montreal—or Toronto. The miles passed by, the dead perspective by the road, the asperned shank, the small animals mended into the asphalt. In Central Canada, one gets on an airplane to travel short distances. Out here, one must travel the land. It sets up a bond. The argument over resources is between men who sit in offices and men like Allan Fotheringham, a columnist for *Saskatoon News*.

who have a feeling for the earth. Is the beverage room in the hotel in Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, where there is an all-of-canadian so the weaker holds click? The lady in the green sweater borrows \$10 from her man as she sets out on the most important project in Canada this day it is in the afternoon. Peter Lougheed's smile expanding to a smile as the imaginary Trudeau/Lalonde/Pepin stand by this road and say resources flowing ever eastward to those who will profit by them. It's an educational road.

Summerberry goes by. Stenault, Pechies, Odessa and Kippling are to the left. Stachukas, Gerald and Estekay to the right. The farmers, light-years away from the dust bowl, sit at their space-age machines. Teknokar is here, five-figure in value, air-conditioned, tape deck in the earphones. There is no longer seen for men in vests in Ottawa offices that have double doors for security's sake.

The road reaches west. Outside Indian Head, a small railroad town, the prairie peters out. The westward emigrants and landholders who now belong to the patchy fields and, we suspect, Arizona. There is no inferiority complex left here; just how does only a sort of vanity continue—and increase—these free-living-things surroundings who have no idea how once-colonial regimes have changed.

Pilot Butte approaches. In Regina, the New York touring company of the Fats Waller Broadway production approaches. Somewhere out there went Conquist, Congress and Circus, Cut Kraft, Rassona, Outlook, Mount Plenty, Unity and Holdfast, Ebene and Ebeyron, Dixie, Liberty and Love. The clouds swirl, lowering to the horizon that never ends and stretches forever. One only wishes that there were three kick-horns on this road, learning the lessons of geography, away from the pavement and the airline terminals and chauffeured limousines. The tumbleweed languidly collides with the front of the car and disappears.



Winnipeg and Galtville for its next load. One can see Peter Lougheed smiling. His past, mostly. Hours of wood and drivers of water. The clouds swirl close to the horizon, delivered white blizzards against the blue. The Liberals, now as urban party that flies in planes rather than rides in can, are gazingly puzzled by the antagonism. They should travel this road.

At Galtville, the sky darkens, the wind that seems of approaching winter whips the loose soil from the fields, creating a Sahara that need. The wind does, the windblown sapphires. The big trucks dominate the road crossing their own alpavians and a shuddering blust of air as they thunder by, their jockeys perched on high, stretching their high-rise egotists at 60, a sea of sensible and hay that stretches as far as the eye can see. The tourists are gone, the swinging trundles fled safely north.

Now Greenfield, a half-day's giant leaves of bread loaves on the horizon, supermarket meat marching off the tv



Get a jump on good health.

(A HEALTHFUL REMINDER FROM OCCIDENTAL LIFE)

Were Occidental Life one of North America's leading life insurance companies. But we're running this ad to tell you're a different kind of insurance.

It's called exercise. And combined with our Occidental Life policy, it'll give you the best protection you can get for you and your family's future.

A healthy offer.

As a life insurance company we naturally

have a self-interest in protecting your life. So we're offering a free booklet called "Exercise Your Right to Live." It's an easy-to-read guide that discusses exercise and physical fitness in general.

It's written by two leading experts in exercise and sports medicine: Dr. Robert Kerlik and Dr. Frelik Job, along with their professional association at the National Athlete Health Institute* (NAHI).



To get your copy, simply write us at this address: Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, P.O. Box 69, Station K, Toronto, Ontario, M4P 2G4.

Jump on the bandwagon.

We're the pioneer in developing term insurance, the most affordable insurance for the best long-term buyer.

And our agents are professionals who can continue to provide you with the right policy at the right time all during your life. Whether it's a personal, group or business-related insurance policy for life or health coverage, or a pension plan for your retirement from our subsidiary Occidental Life of Canada.

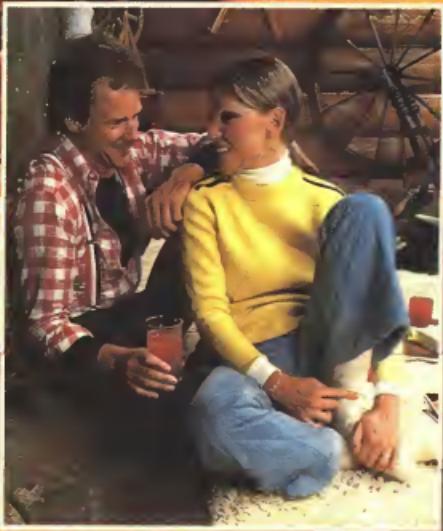
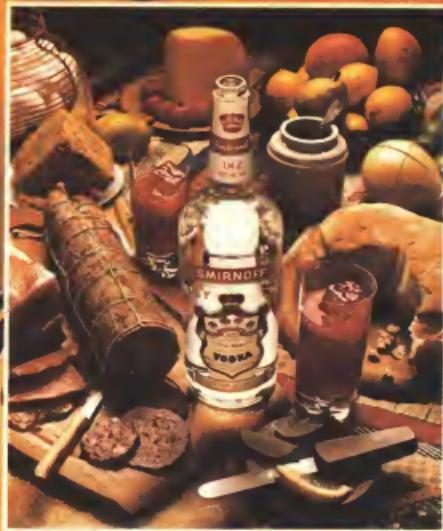
Occidental Life encourages you to get started on something that's good for you. If you're like most people the results will have you jumping for joy.

We want you with us.

1000 is a new grade 175, variable life insurance in Greater Los Angeles, California. Dividend Life Death Benefit (MLB) for this term life insurance. One endowment should be included in the premium for 1000. © 1986 Occidental Life Insurance Company of California.

Occidental Life
A Transamerica Company





Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®